

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXVI.

NO. 3167. MAR. 18, 1905.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXLIV.



AN AUTOCRACY AT WORK.

Tokens of the coming storm are now many and unmistakable, and cries are heard that the Russian ship of State is in danger. But they are the fears of men of little faith. It is not the ship of State that is in peril. That stout vessel will weather worse storms than any as yet experienced in Europe, not excepting the tempest of 1789. Manned by a hardy, buoyant, resourceful crew, it has nought to fear. Nothing is now at issue beyond the present trip and the rights and duties of the skipper. And on those questions a decision must soon be taken. For compass and chart have been put aside and we are drifting towards rocks and sandbanks. Of the crew—with no goal to attract, no commander to inspirit them—some are indifferent and many sluggish while the most active are preparing to mutiny. They all merge their welfare in the safety of the ship, and as a consequence would persuade or if necessary compel the captain to take a pilot on board. It is in that temper—for which history may perhaps

find a less harsh term than criminal—that the real and only danger lies.

To point out that danger and help to ward it off were the legitimate objects of my former article¹; and the means I used were honestly adjusted to those ends. If I pitched my voice in too high a key, it was for fear I should fail to strike ears that had long been deaf to loud warnings; if I touched my imperial master with ungentle hand, it was because I believed he was on the point of drowning. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* I may have been mistaken. Coming events will perhaps soon enable my critics to measure the distance that separated my judgment from political wisdom and my intentions from enlightened loyalty. Meanwhile I am solaced by the thought that history knows of fellow countrymen of mine, honored by rulers and ruled, who caused far greater pain than I have done to individual Tsars and Tsarivitches, in

¹ See "The Tsar" in *The Living Age*, August 27, 1904.

order to safeguard the Tsardom. Today a broader view than that of the eighteenth century is permissible and a Russian official may now hearken to the dictates of patriotism, even when they clash with the promptings of loyalty to his Tsar. If we have not yet wholly forgotten our national saying: "whose bread I eat, his song I sing," we are at least beginning to render unto Russia the things that are Russia's without refusing to the Tsar the things that are the Tsar's.

My sketch of Nicholas II. has been very favorably received throughout the world as harmonizing in essentials with the Emperor's public words and acts. But it has been found fault with too as all attempts to fix for ever what is ever in flux will and should be. "The very truth," says our poet, Tiutcheff, "when clad in words becomes a lie." How much more an attempt to outline a character, whose essential traits so far elude analysis that even to close observers it seems little more than a negation. The very courtiers who claim to know the Emperor best are unable though willing to credit him with any of those positive qualities which psychologists designate as the groundwork of virile character. Indeed in their sincere moods they speak of him as susceptible less to clear-cut motives than to vague influence and ascribe his acts to emotional impulse rather than to reflective will.

Another difficulty was created by the limitations of my task. I had to do with the visionary autocrat only, precluding almost entirely from the man. Otherwise, I should have gladly brought out in relief certain engaging features of the individual, Nicolai Alexandrovitch Romanoff, which form a pleasing set-off to the forbidding aspect of the Tsar Nicholas II. Thus, I would have emphasized the fact that he is an uncommonly dutiful son, who interprets

filial respect more generously than the followers of Confucius, having frequently submitted not his will only but also his judgment to that of his august mother. A model husband, he leaves little undone to ensure the happiness of his imperial consort. A tender father, he literally adores his children with an almost maternal fervor, and often magnanimously deprives himself of the keen pleasure which the discharge of the clerical duties of kingship confers in order to watch over his darling little Grand Duke and Grand Duchesses and to see that sunshine brightens those lives dear to millions. What, for instance, could be more touching or sympathetic than the picture—which courtiers draw for us—of the dread autocrat of all the Russias anxiously superintending the details of the bathing of his little son, the Grand Duke Alexis, at the height of the diplomatic storm raised by the North Sea incident? What could be more idyllic than the pretty human weakness betokened by the joyful exclamation with which the great potentate suddenly interrupted Rojdestvensky who was making a report on the Baltic Squadron: "But are you aware he weighs 14 lbs?" "Who, your Majesty?" asked the Admiral, his mind still entangled in questions of displacement, quick-firing guns, and other kindred matters. "The Heir to the throne," answered the happy father. Touches of nature like this offer a refreshing contrast to the Byzantine stiffness of the autocrat bending over his table and writing marginal glosses.

A most obliging disposition also marks his intercourse with foreign dynasties, and perhaps warrants the sharpness with which some of their members censured my uncourtly frankness. For Tsar Nicholas has often gone out of his way to do them a good turn, and never willingly refuses their requests for concessions—

industrial, commercial, and political. Indeed, he has been known to grant them when compliance involved tremendous sacrifices on the part of his much-enduring subjects. In proof of this amiable trait, were it called in question, I could give the names and summarize the letters of princes, princesses, and monarchs who have repeatedly tested the good nature of their worthy cousin, by craving for industrial concessions, shipping subsidies, and lucrative trading privileges—to say nothing of territorial grants—to bestow which even a Russian autocrat sometimes needs a strong tincture of what courtiers would term moral courage.

To these amiable traits I was precluded from doing justice. I could hardly even touch upon the broad indulgence shown by Nicholas II. to the shortcomings of his Russian kith and kin, which in degree oftentimes borders upon participation. It was thus that, after he had forbidden the Grand Ducal band to begrime themselves in the mire of Corean concessions, he first withdrew the prohibition and then himself became a shareholder in the venture, risking his millions and—what ought to have been of greater value than money's worth—his fair name. For no one who knows the Emperor will for a moment ascribe this *faux pas* to any such sordid motives as those avowed by his uncles and cousins. It was the kindly act of a man who feels that blood is thicker than water, and wishes to express the sentiment in deeds. Unfortunately history, which deals summarily with men and motives, will be scarcely less shocked at finding Nicholas II. among the profit-hunters of the Far East than

at the sight of Voltaire illegally jobbing with a Jew in Saxon securities.

To be severely frowned down by certain of those august personages, whose fondness for our Tsar is thus solidly grounded, I was quite prepared. *No-blesse oblige.* Neither was I surprised by the strictures of the few English-speaking critics who thrust aside the sketch I drew as a mere fancy picture, because they failed to recognize in it the statesmanlike traits of the great and good monarch who in his inscrutable wisdom had once admitted them to his presence for twenty and thirty minutes respectively.² But I was astonished that one fault should have been found with my drawing, which even a hasty comparison with the original would have disproved. I had charged the Tsar, it was said, with sins of commission, while his self-appointed advocates plead guilty in his name at most to sins of omission. His Majesty, they urged, may be gifted with a will which like pure gold, is most malleable; he may wear his heart too often on his sleeve, and political daws may peck at it, but to describe him as defying his Ministers and overriding the majority of his Imperial Council, is to lampoon, not to portray him. It runs counter to his character. For Providence, out of love for its chosen people of to-day, endowed him with "the temperament of an Imperial Hamlet." Here facts alone, I submit, should turn the scale, and facts in support of my thesis are plentiful and decisive.

One of the most striking is the isolation of the autocrat who stands on his lofty pedestal like Simon Stylites on his pillar or the ex-Dalai Lama in his monastery. There is not one minister now in the Emperor's Council Chamber

² One, I am told, is widely and favorably known as the amateur photographer of the money-bags of our Treasury, and another has acquired so thorough a knowledge of the unseen world and such intimacy with its most

truthful denizens that he was once spoken of in Russia as a possible successor to M. Philippe as Medium-in-waiting to the Tsar. "Sed dis alter visum est."

sufficiently magnetic in manner or dazzling in mind to fascinate the will or sway the intellect of his imperial master. Not one. Formerly there were not wanting such conspicuous officials in the immediate environment of the autocrat, men who might have been thought capable of throwing an irresistible spell over him. One of these was K. P. Pobedonostseff, who for a time was taken for the substance behind the Imperial shadow. Another was M. Witte, misnamed the Russian Richelieu, and fabled to have his own way in all things political and financial. Later still it was V. K. von Plehve, who was known to be the wire-puller of the bureaucracy and was suspected of being also the inspirer of the Tsar. And thus for several years a succession of pre-eminent men gave color to the widespread view that Nicholas II. was a passive tool in the hands of others. For that reason the elements of the revolutionary opposition held his ministers and certain unofficial counsellors answerable for the lamentable plight of the people. Nicholas II. was for them a misguided but well-intentioned youth, who if advised by honest, patriotic and enlightened men might make a beneficent or, at any rate, a harmless ruler. To him, therefore, their resentment never extended. In the long list of murders which constitute their panacea for all our political ills, they never once raised their blood-stained hands against the person of the monarch. Balmashoff, the assassin of the Minister Sipyaghin, said to the judges who condemned him to death: "For the present we harbor no designs against the Emperor." Minister, governors, and members of the police were shot, stabbed, or blown to pieces in turn. But the Tsar was raised to a higher plane—a plane of safety—beyond the arena of strife. His elevation to that fastness was the result of the impression prevailing about his charac-

ter, his aims, and the part he was playing in the State. And I wrote my first article to keep him on that plane.

The bomb which blew up V. K. von Plehve exploded that idea, and pulled down with it the pillars of the sanctuary in which at critical periods the Emperor might take refuge. And at present one cannot contemplate without a tinge of pain the sight of the slender figure of the self-complacent autocrat standing over against the elemental force of a seething mass of men, of whom all seem discontented, and many are menacing. It affects one like the sight of a stone-deaf man sauntering cheerfully along a railway line while the express is rushing up behind him and the onlooker can warn neither the pedestrian nor the engine-driver. Since Plehve's death the word has gone forth that Nicholas is Tsar, the Grand Dukes are his Viziers, and the ministers are but the menials of both. And congruously with that dogma Russia's destiny will be henceforth worked out. Thus Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky is but the executor of the Emperor's commands, honestly eager to help, yet truly willing to retire, a clean-handed official imbued with what is best in Russian culture and in modern tendencies, but without claim or ambition to pass as a statesman or a theorist. Loyalty to the Emperor and good-will to the nation prompted him to lend his name to the autocracy and devote his efforts to the welfare of the people. Thus, like the nettle of the fable, which borrowed the scent of the rose, the Government received for a time the perfume of the Prince's name. But actual contact soon revealed the sting.

Clearly, then, it is not Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky who can be accused of bearing the odious part of tempter.

M. Pobedonostseff long stood forth in that unenviable capacity, and was once "condemned to death" in consequence by the cold-blooded criminals who

grimly speak of their bullets and their bombs as the only effective checks upon the crimes of the administration. But fate turned the assassin's bullet from the Ober-Procuror of the Most Holy Synod to Sipyaghin the Minister of the Interior. Since then, however, the lay pope of our Orthodox Church has lived chiefly in the past. He still has friendly intercourse with his emotional sovereign, but their conversation hardly ever turns on topics of actual political interest, and of the influence which he once wielded over the autocracy under Alexander III. every trace has vanished. M. Pobedonostseff, then, has done his work, and it remains only for history to label it. As prompter of the Tsar he has had no successor. For M. Witte's intellect was always redoubted, his will-power feared, and his insolence resented by the shy, faint-hearted monarch, who sometimes puts the plain speaking of the Russian "Richelieu" in the same category as blasphemy and atheism. But thanks to the Dowager Empress his services are not wholly disdained; he was chosen to impersonate our Government in passing through the Caudine yoke of the Russo-German Commercial Treaty; he had his agrarian reforms lately sanctioned by the Emperor, and he is now charged with carrying out the schemes mooted by Nicholas II. in the historic ukase. But M. Witte had to stoop to conquer; it is he who surrendered to the Tsar, not the Tsar to him. They are now temporary allies, friends they can never be. After having drafted the paragraph creating a legislative assembly as an indispensable condition of reform, M. Witte assented to its being struck out with a resigned exclamation: *Fiat voluntas tua.*

Nicholas II., therefore, is his own master, and is himself answerable for his men and measures, such being his Imperial will and pleasure. If some of the men are unclean monsters—

Grand Ducal harpies—who rob the people of their substance, and "break the records" of vice and crime without drawing down punishment or provoking censure, he who tolerates, shields, and befriends them shares the odium of their misdeeds and participates in their risks. If the Tsar robs Finland of her liberties, despoils Armenian schools and churches, suppresses the nationality of the Poles, and keeps the Russians more miserable than any foreign element of our population, we may discuss his motives, but we cannot question his responsibility. At the same time, it is a fact which should be noted as an extenuating circumstance that in everything he does and leaves undone he is strongly, but, as a rule, indirectly, influenced by his uncles, cousins, and nephews, the Imperial drones, who are ever buzzing about him. They seem endowed with a special faculty of calling forth what is least estimable in the Emperor's character. They surround him with a moral atmosphere charged with mephitic and stupefying vapors, which bring on a morbid mood, and then the slightest touch from without provokes the acts which cause our people to wince and writhe.

Only of late has it become known that Nicholas II. at the head of his Grand Ducal satellites has long been his own adviser and his own Government, and from that moment the lines of his portrait gained in sharpness. For he now stands forth as the author of the present sanguinary war, the marplot of the military staff, and the main obstacle to the peace to which he has so often publicly done lip-worship. In that mock heroic rôle of *l'Etat c'est moi*, Nicholas II. is also recognized as the one hindrance to popular reforms at home, which in a greater or lesser measure most intelligent Russians deem indispensable to the welfare of the nation. And the dangers inseparable

from damming with his own person a streamlet which the blood of Manchurian battlefields may yet swell to the dimensions of a resistless torrent, have so far ceased to be vague that they were charitably and discreetly pointed out several weeks ago to a member of the Imperial family by a crowned and kindhearted foreign monarch. For some time after this it seemed as if the warning had been taken to heart, and the danger would be averted by timely concessions to reasonable demands. But subsequent events have whittled away the grounds for those humane hopes. The screw which was loosened for a season has again been tightened; law remains supplanted by caprice; and the well-being of the nation which might have been furthered by a prudent Imperial fiat is blocked by a ukase which embitters everybody. For almost all Russia now discerns the alternative, and accepts the struggle, the Emperor and his family being among the few who lack a keen sense of the grim reality. Heartfelt sadness is the feeling aroused in the onlooker by this tragic spectacle; unalloyed sadness with no admixture of surprise.

For Nicholas II. appears to have been cause-blind from the very beginning. The law of causality entering his mind is seemingly always refracted like a sunbeam striking the surface of the water. It changes its direction. It was in consequence of that defect that while moving every lever to produce war, he was purblind to the approach of the conflict and deaf to the warnings of those who could see. The dispute with Japan was originally caused by the personal policy of the Emperor who seized his neighbor's property and believed he could placate the despoiled people by crying: "No offence intended!" Well-meaning at bottom, but logic-proof and mystical, he instinctively followed the example of the vam-

pire which fans its victims while sucking their life blood. Under his predecessors Russia had grown and "thriven" in this way, and why should she not continue to grow in like manner under him? So overweening was his confidence in his own prophetic vision that he was impervious to the arguments of the wisest of his responsible advisers and risked the welfare of his subjects on the slender chance of his being a Moses to his people. And he resisted his ministers, not with the harmless swagger of a vainglorious youth but with the calm settled presumption which medical psychologists describe as incurable. Like those Chinese Boxers, who believing their lives were charmed, smilingly stood up to the bullets of the Europeans, so Nicholas II. cheerfully exposed not himself nor his Imperial house but his people to a disaster which his second sight assured him could never come. For he started with a mistaken view of autocracy. He held, and holds, that according to God's will the unique absolute ruler of modern times should be at once the arbiter of peace and war throughout the globe, and the keeper of the lives, the property, and the souls of his people at home. And he acted up to that belief. Thus he took it for granted that as no foreign Power would dare to attack Russia, peace depended on whether he would attack any foreign Power. And as he was resolved not to declare war, he reasoned that peace was therefore secure during his lifetime. One difference between him and the Boxer is, that the Boxer risked only his own life, whereas Nicholas II. risked and lost those of tens of thousands of his people. And even an autocrat were he never so wise ought not to be invested with such tremendous power.

Clearly, then, the trouble with Japan was brewed by the Tsar, acting not on the advice but against the recommenda-

tions of his most competent ministers. Still friction is not hostility, and diplomatic methods might and should have composed the diplomatic dispute. The task was well within the resources of statesmen of good-will, and those of each Empire were sincerely eager to discharge it. For they would have found it to the advantage of their respective nations to compromise. But here again the Tsar personally intervened, like some unconscious instrument in the hands of inexorable Fate. And Acrisius was not more unsuspecting when he set out for his doom in Larissa, nor Oedipus more trustful when he started for Daulis, than Nicholas II. when he removed the negotiations from our Foreign Office to his palace and uttered his fatal *non possumus*. True, he did not believe that a rupture would follow; indeed, he still regarded a conflict with Japan as absolutely impossible, just as he does not now believe that his people are in a state of smouldering rebellion. In vain did MM. Witte, Kuropatkin, Lambsdorff, and others impress upon him that, however peaceful his intentions, the germs of war had been hidden in his aggressive policy and the fruit was now being matured by his diplomatic trifling. Far from taking these warnings to heart, he resented and punished the frankness of the speakers. And, with the dreamy confidence of a somnambulist, the mystical young monarch blithely went his way, leading a vast multitude towards their doom—a sort of pied piper of Petersburg, the refrain of whose song was, "War is impossible. My Empire is peace."

I call to mind a curious episode which throws a lightning-flash on the mental condition of Nicholas II. during that crisis. It happened in December 1903. All Petersburg was then girding its loins for the festivities of Christmastide. Society talk was of theatres, balls, soirees, court functions; but from

time to time rumbling sounds from afar, heard by the sharp-eared, heralded the coming storm. Ministers, diplomats, politicians would then look grave and shake their heads. His Majesty alone was serene, writing despatches, reading despatches, commenting on despatches all day long. Alone he was doing and enjoying it, without the help of the advisers whom his own free choice had marked out as the best qualified to guide him. Whenever any of these came into his presence he looked embarrassed and eschewed themes connected with the Far East.

Now there was one of these men—perhaps the best informed of them all—for whom the Tsar had conceived the hatred of the cat for the dog. And one day he was summoned to the palace to report upon a matter which had no reference to Manchuria or Corea. The Emperor in good spirits received him courteously and the interview was satisfactory to both sides. At its close the official respectfully asked his sovereign's permission to deny certain statements attributed to him by court gossip. He had been represented as having spoken slightly of the monarch's political insight and prophesied to a high-born lady the certainty of a war with Japan. This statement—he now assured the Emperor—was false. He had not once spoken to the lady during the period in question, and if it had been otherwise he would have chosen a more fitting subject of conversation than a delicate problem of international politics. He wound up his defence saying: "I give your Majesty my word, that I never told Princess G. that war is imminent. I should not dream of saying such a thing to her." "I am delighted," replied the Emperor, his face wreathed in smiles, "I am delighted that you have come round to my view at last. A conflict with Japan is indeed, as you say, out of the ques-

tion." But here the shrewd minister broke in: "I must have expressed myself clumsily, Sire. I did not tell Princess G. that war is at hand, not because I hold the opposite view, but because I did not open my mind to her at all. To your Majesty who graciously ask me, I can but answer, as I have answered so often before: we are drifting into war, but it is still in your Majesty's power to steer clear of the danger." Before the dignitary could say any more, the autocrat, on whose face a scowl had chased away the smile, dismissed him with a nod. For to him it was inconceivable that Japan should attack Russia, and as Russia would not attack Japan peace was secure. Then the pied piper continued his march followed by the crowd of doomed children. "War is impossible. My Empire is peace."

Thus it cannot be doubted that Nicholas II. first provoked the misunderstanding with the Government of Tokio and then thwarted the honest endeavors of Russian and Japanese statesmen to clear it up. But was it not in good faith? Truly in as good faith as Philip II. resolved to crush England, or Paul I. despatched his Cossacks against India. Alas evil is never so blithely done as in obedience to a false principle of conscience, and many a narrow-minded man of good faith draws from religion excellent motives—which the reprobate lacks—for a thoroughly bad action. In ethics good faith is a strong plea but it has often to be disallowed in politics. Or is it a compensation for a people dying by thousands and famishing by millions in consequence of the whims and freaks of an absolute ruler to be assured that he thought he was acting for the best? Almost every political quack who brings down misfortune upon others pleads that he wished them well. It is a sorry excuse. But our Imperial warcloud-compeller has still to learn that he has done

anything calling for excuse or explanation.

At present our people—or, rather, the thinking heads among them—are only beginning to realize the part borne by Nicholas II. in those recent events which are changing the course of political history. At first he was hidden away in the background behind his professional ministers and private friends. "Alexeyeff is the mischief-maker," many Russians said last year, "and he ought to be hanged to a lamp-post for neglecting to prepare for the conflict." "Rosen, the ambassador to the Mikado, is a traitor, else he would have informed the Tsar of the certainty of war." But these scapegoats have since hidden behind their sovereign. The viceroy lately informed the world that as far back as two years ago he knew that war was coming and had advised his superiors not to be taken unawares. The responsibility, therefore, is not his to bear.

More startling still: two days after his prophecy had come to pass he received a telegram from St. Petersburg assuring him that "the rupture of diplomatic relations does not mean the beginning of war; war will be avoided." This amazing despatch was grimly commented by the Japanese navy, which on the evening of the very same day delivered their torpedo attack against the Port Arthur squadron! As the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has since denied having sent any such telegram to Admiral Alexeyeff, it is clear that his Majesty alone can have written and sent it.

It was Nicholas II., therefore, who literally hindered preparations for the war which he himself had precipitated. He elaborately deceived himself before endeavoring to deceive others. His ambassador in Tokio, Baron Rosen, it is now known, had written despatch after despatch announcing the imminence of war, and foretelling an attack

on Port Arthur, until the Tsar, incensed at this persistence, penned a remark on the margin of one of the ambassador's despatches which compelled Baron Rosen to eschew that topic in future. And then officials naturally acted on the view that war was impossible. Now a subject who should thus mislead his country would be charged with high treason. But all that we demand of the Tsar is that he should always in future put the conduct of such weighty affairs in the hands of the men whom he has himself designated as competent. This precaution seems moderate enough considering the vastness of the disaster caused by his neglect to act thus reasonably in the past.

Those sensational disclosures are calculated to harm our Emperor and to humiliate our people. For they reveal Nicholas II. as a man whose intellect is warped and whose will is enfeebled by causes still operative, which, however they may affect his family, leave the nation unsolaced for the past and alarmed for the future. It is perhaps natural, many say, that he should refuse to allow the people any voice in the Government of the Empire—even such a fitful influence on the course of affairs as they possessed when the founder of the Romanoff dynasty was on the throne. And yet Tsar Mikhail Feodorovitch was much more of a statesman than Nikolai Alexandrovitch, while his people were less enlightened than the Russians of to-day. But what is not at all natural is that Nicholas II., having chosen his ministers among the most intelligent and experienced bureaucrats, should forego or reject their advice when the nation is in pressing need of it. As mankind involuntarily ascribes reasonable motives to irrational acts, the Tsar's strange treatment of his official counsellors was explained as the result of loss of confidence in them. He had found others, it was said, men like

Bezobrazoff, Alexeyeff, Abazza, better qualified to advise him than his professional counsellors. But if so, people asked, why did he not raise them to the posts, the duties of which they were discharging? M. Witte was the first to put the question, and the people have repeated it often and querulously since then. And now at last the startling answer comes: Such a step would have led nowhither, for even to these, his unofficial prompters, the Emperor never hearkened. He generally left their warnings, like those of their rivals, unheeded; and, having listened sceptically to their opinions, carried out his own! Even Alexeyeff the favorite was dealt with as a schoolboy, and may have laughed like a schoolboy at the Imperial message assuring him that the rupture of diplomatic relations did not mean war. Japan and Russia could not go to war! The shrewd Admiral surely thought, if he did not exclaim: *Sanctissima simplicitas!*

Thus the seeds of discord were sown by the hand of the Imperial peace-worshipper, and when the gardeners came to weed them out, he peremptorily dismissed them to their homes. It was the Emperor himself who kept his officials from preparing for the Far Eastern War, which he asseverated would never come. And when it broke out at last, he proved to the hilt his good faith and sincerity by weeping and sobbing like a child. But his tears and moans did not keep him from continuing the work of destruction he had begun. And it was he again who, when the campaign was opened, put manacles on the hands and gyves on the feet of the commanders of our army and navy. For he cannot discern the nexus between cause and effect.

The land campaign was bungled inex-
cusably, but doubtless in very good
faith. Instead of appointing a clever

and experienced General to the post of Commander-in-Chief, the Tsar went out of his way to select Alexeyeff, an Admiral—and of all Russian Admirals the only one who had dabbled in the Yalu and Yantal concessions. None but an absolute and mystical monarch, unillumined by average reason, and unfettered by responsibility, could have sent a sailor to conduct a land campaign, and none but a people literally owned by its ruler would have brooked it. History lacks a parallel since the days of Heliogabalus. Alexeyeff is accused of having frequently meddled with Kuropatkin's schemes, and of having sometimes spoiled them by his impertinent suggestions. The charge is not serious, because he could not have done anything else. It was his duty. But since his return to St. Petersburg the Admiral denies the accusation, at least in part. Within my knowledge is the important fact that the influence, which in certain cases moved Kuropatkin to assume the offensive, came direct from his Majesty after consultation with the Minister of War. That, for instance, was the genesis of the famous October order of the day, by which Kuropatkin rendered the staff of our army the laughing-stock of the world, and made himself the scourge of our people. A victory was indispensable to the autocrat, a victory which would have enabled him to castigate the insolent reformers who were scheming at home to circumscribe his power. And he commanded it to be fought for and won regardless of consequences. Unhappily one of the consequences thus disregarded was that tens of thousands of brave simple-minded Russian men were needlessly shot down, and hundreds of thousands of women and children were brought to the verge of starvation. But it was certainly all done in good faith, for his Majesty holds that if it is well with the autocracy it is also

well with the people. And he was honestly striving to further the interests of autocracy.

A ruler who thus sets reason at defiance, transgresses the elementary rules of prudence, and leaves the interests of his vast people altogether out of his reckoning is, our Liberals say, unfit to occupy a throne. I disagree with them. The qualifications for kingship have been lowered since the days of Constitutional Government, and it would be unfair and disloyal to blink that fact. All I would venture to maintain is, that such a man is clearly incapable of wielding absolute power without the corrective of guidance or control. And Tsar Nicholas' inability to see this truth, either in the abstract or in its concrete Russian form, is now the chief stumbling-block to the development of our people. How long it will remain so is uncertain. The obvious criticism to the Emperor's meddling in the war is that it ran counter to common sense and revealed a lack of moral courage. For if his own choice of Kuropatkin for the post of commander was made in good faith, that general ought to have been free to elaborate his plans; while if Nicholas II. saw reason to adopt the suggestions of any other officer he was surely bound in conscience and in honor to raise that fittest man to the post of responsibility and power. What the Emperor actually did was to lay upon Kuropatkin the ostensible responsibility and upon Alexeyeff the implied responsibility, while reserving for himself the absolute right of experimenting with and sacrificing the lives of hundreds of thousands of his subjects. Of a shipowner who should barter for an insurance policy the lives of even a dozen sailors we know what to think. His good faith would not go far in a criminal court of justice. And I cannot believe that morality has a different standard for a mon-

arch's acts. A great potentate may, it is true, display certain defects which please some people more even than sterling qualities. But it is unlikely that indifference to slaughter and callousness to the spread of human misery would be found among them.

I am sorry I cannot truthfully write in higher terms of the Tsar's fellow-feeling with human suffering. But I may remind those of my readers, who likewise regret it, that I claim to give no more than personal impressions derived from acts seen through the prosaic light of day. I am, of course, liable to err. Others also who know the Emperor better, yet judge him more severely than I do, may perchance be biased. But it seems less probable that the numerous individuals of many countries, various walks of life, and different ways of thought, who have met him and missed in his nature diffusive sympathy with the sorrows and joys of men and women, should be all mistaken. My own friends and acquaintances who have seen him in many moods, and perhaps at his best and worst, report the same defect. "I informed him of the lamentable state of the district," one of them said to me lately, "and drew a harrowing picture of men and women steeped in misery, racked with pain, but he only answered: 'Yes, I know, I know,' and bowed me out." Those words "Yes, I know, I know," have figured as the *finis* uttered by the Tsar at the close of History's Chapters on the Finnish Constitution, the Armenian Church and Schools, the Nationality of the Poles, the Liberty of Conscience of our own people. "I know, I know!" Would to heaven he realized what he knows! Men, like trees, fall on their leaning side, and in the Tsar's case the leaning side is not an inclination to assuage human suffering, otherwise there would have been less misery during the great famine and far less

bloodshed during the present reign. Mr. White, the former American Ambassador, whose eyes we may take it are suitably framed for such easy discoveries as that of pure spontaneous sympathy in human character, is disposed to think that Nicholas II. is bereft of the sensibility which is born of unselfish feeling. The unaffectedly heartless way in which he informed the Ambassador that the famine then raging was not serious and that he—the Imperial President of the Relief Fund—had ceased to busy himself any further with the matter, produced, we are told, a profoundly painful impression. And this in spite of the polish of kindness he was then wont to display to foreigners—a polish which too often resembles the glitter of the gilt cross on the mouldering coffin.

Nicholas II., then, after having brought on the war, appeared in the rôle of ally of our enemies. For by hampering Kuropatkin he played into the hands of the Japanese, and rendered them more precious services than all the spies who were shot or hanged since the outbreak of hostilities. This is a bitter reflection, and explains much of the feeling against his Majesty which prevails in the active army and among the intelligent classes of civilians. It is well known now that the plans of campaign forced upon the Commander-in-Chief were worked out in St. Petersburg by General Kuropatkin's former subordinate, the present War Minister, Sakharoff. That official and the Grand Duke Vladimir stirred up the worst sentiments against the distant commander that man can bear to man. And because Nicholas II. supported this party and, so to say, delivered our soldiers bound to the enemy, it is not easy to think of him without a strong tincture of bitterness. We allow largely for good faith but we look for repentance as a condition of pardon, whereas the Tsar seems re-

solved to go on sinning in good faith as before. He compelled Kuropatkin to act against his better judgment, and yet openly professed to trust the fate of his Empire to that gallant general's intelligence and skill. And the brave but servile soldier was thus forced to lead scores of thousands of our people to the slaughter, improvising a spectacle unparalleled in horror even in Pagan Rome, with its *Caesar morituri te salutant*. A temporary triumph over domestic reformers was the dubious aim, wanton butchery the certain upshot. Where, our people ask, was the Tsar's sensibility then? And when the awful deed was perpetrated in vain, Kuropatkin's foredoomed failure was set down to his lack of strategy, the Emperor giving no hint that the general's only blunder was excess of loyalty. If I had written calmly of those things and sought to justify them with the good faith of the Emperor, my own good faith would be reasonably called in question. But although it is impossible for any self-respecting Russian to speak of such matters with unruffled serenity, all that I propose is that in future such hecatombs shall cease, and that in deciding upon weighty matters, like war and our foreign relations, his Majesty shall be obligatorily assisted by a Council chosen by himself. That, I venture to think, represents the mildest remedy which our country's ills now call for. Nicholas II. and the Grand Ducal band, which would fain perpetuate the chaos now prevailing, stigmatize that demand—any demand, in fact—as unpatriotic, irreligious and immoral. Immorality stigmatized by the Grand Ducal clan! *Risum teneatis, amici!*

At length the Emperor stayed his hand. But not until more than a hundred thousand of his faithful soldiers—the gray silent heroes who died unhonored and unsung—had bled or perished for his sake. And then his

motive was less pity, which would have moved him to conclude peace, than dynastic interests which prompted him to utilize opportunities. Kuropatkin, his patience worn out, sent his friend, General Velitchko, to St. Petersburg to put an end to the palace wire-pulling, which flashed death to the Manchurian army more swiftly than Apollo of old to the Greek camp. The envoy went naturally enough to his chief, the War Minister, Sakharoff, who received the messenger coldly with a nod of his head in lieu of a handshake, a frown in place of a smile. And having heard the demands he answered: "What a vast number of things you need! One would have thought that in Manchuria you were creating a base to conquer the world! Anyhow I have done my best for you. Siege guns? Surely you don't require any more? They are quite useless for retreats. Mere impediments, mere impediments." In a word, jibes and sneers in lieu of reinforcements and supplies were received by General Velitchko from the War Minister. So he applied for an audience of his Majesty.

The Tsar received him most affably and listened attentively to his story, which was long, clear, and tragic. Velitchko, like a clever diplomatist, promised great things if supplies were sent to Kuropatkin, and foreshadowed terrible mishaps if they were withheld. He assured the Emperor that the military force of the enemy was no longer as formidable as it had been, whereas that of Russia was becoming rapidly more efficient. The Mikado's armies, he explained, had been for some time drawing their reinforcements from inferior elements of the population, which make poor fighting material; their weapons and ammunition were also of much worse make and quality than six months ago. And the losses they inflict are therefore proportion-

ately less. If only the improvement of our forces went hand in hand with this deterioration of the Japanese armies, Kuropatkin would boldly assume the offensive and end the war with a series of brilliant victories, the credit for which would redound to his provident master.

To the Tsar who had heard from many military men that the list of Kuropatkin's defeats was not yet complete and that Mukden was certainly doomed to be evacuated, these were very welcome tidings. The autocrat at once perceived his opportunity and seized it. Taking Velitchko's list of demands he said: "Kuropatkin shall have everything he asks for and without delay. I personally answer for it." And, as is his wont, he kept his word. Two days later a special commission was appointed under the War Minister, and General Velitchko was summoned to answer questions. When he appeared Sakharoff's manner was totally changed. He now welcomed him cordially as Kuropatkin's envoy, approved his remarks, promised to comply with his requests, and to forward the howitzers and other guns which were expected from Krupp. And soon afterwards Velitchko left St. Petersburg in high spirits. For in the army as in the navy, in churches as in prisons, the word of the Tsar is law.

Thus it cannot be gainsaid that the war and every essential condition of waging it successfully depend wholly upon the autocrat's will and understanding. For there is no minister here nor in any State department whose experience, skill, and insight are taken either on trust or after fair tests as guarantees of the practical wisdom of his advice. Abstract science, technical proficiency, the readiness and mastery engendered by familiarity with persons and conditions, all shrink to nothing in comparison with the prophetic vision supposed to be vouchsafed to

the Anointed of the Lord. He insists, therefore, upon holding the destinies of his people and the peace of the world in the hollow of his hand. And whenever he seems to waver in presence of the masses the Grand Ducal camarilla urges him on, saying: "The only right you lack is that of abandoning your rights." In this way despotism which is not identical with autocracy threatens to become his *Nessus* shirt.

If it was a serious blunder to precipitate the war, it would be an unpardonable crime to carry it on deliberately when all hope of attaining satisfactory results has vanished. The campaign in its present and future stages, with its cheerless perspective, is worse than the savage hacking and hewing by a murderer in cold blood of the body which he smote in a fit of passion. There is a touch of the fiendish in what is, perhaps, after all, only transcendental selfishness. Our own people are the chief sufferers. They are called to arms by threats, sometimes kept in prisons by force, lest they should run away, conveyed to Manchuria more like cattle than men, and then set loose, sometimes without suitable clothing or adequate sustenance. For warm overcoats, boots, linen, medicaments, and even food the authorities shamelessly appeal to the generosity of the nation. Probably no such cynical avowal of incompetency or corruption has ever yet been recorded by history. Our War Ministry disposed of a huge fund to provide all those necessaries in peace time, and since the outset of the war no bounds are set to its financial resources. Yet of an army of only 200,000 men it left many thousands unprovided for. In June a foreign military attaché at the front asked one of our officers: "What was your department doing during the twenty-seven years of peace, if in the fifth month of the war you and I come

upon nearly a whole regiment marching barefoot? Where are the soldiers' boots?" "In the pockets of Grand Duke X." was the answer. If the Japanese had bribed the whole Grand Ducal ring to hypnotize our Emperor, and to have our soldiers brought to the seat of war under the most unfavorable conditions they would brook, the results could not have been very different. Are the members of the Imperial family less dangerous enemies of the nation because their ill-gotten money was not received from the Japanese, but extorted from the Russian people? And if the nation is authoritatively told that autocracy cannot be saved without keeping up the machinery which turns out half-naked soldiers to fight in the depth of a Manchurian winter, and sends ships with boilers condemned by our experts to meet the formidable squadron of the Japanese, is it surprising that voices are heard crying "Down with the autocracy!" With these voices I entirely disagreed, in the belief that the autocracy does not necessarily imply the Grand Dukery and its unplumbed depths of baseness, and in the hope that Nicholas II. would soon to discern it.

It is not, I think, too much to say that our "gray" heroic soldiers endure more terrible hardships from the corruption of our bureaucracy than from the bullets and bombs of the Japanese. Wounded they are put in goods trains, twenty-five or more in an open van, nearly all of them dangerously hurt or ill, many of them dying. The floor has no matting, no straw, nothing but heaps of dung and filth untouched since horses and oxen occupied the wagons shortly before. "Many of the patients are without overcoats or uniforms; have, in fact, nothing on but their thin shirts and tattered trousers." That the members of the Imperial dynasty allow these tortures to be in-

flicted upon the men who are giving their lives for them is a blot on their family escutcheon which will never be washed out. For here it is not a question of a sin of mere omission. Our Zemstvos had endeavored to band themselves together in one association in order to organize on a large scale help for the sick and wounded, but the Tsar forbade the good work lest the Zemstvos should apply the axiom that union gives strength to political as well as to humane strivings. How many thousands of true-hearted Russians died in consequence of that Imperial caprice! Will their kindred be consoled that it was done in good faith?

Of the defalcations, embezzlement, and downright robbery of sums destined for the wounded and their families I shall say nothing. The subject is unsavory. One has but to rake any money scandal well enough in order to come upon a Grand Duke at the bottom of it. While foreign ladies can realize millions for their smiles upon the scions of the Imperial house, these soldiers with their festering wounds, their quivering limbs, and their oozing life-blood, are thrown upon heaps of horse dung and bumped and jolted for days without medicaments, food, washing, water, or any other antisepsites than the frost.

And none of the Grand Ducal sybarites, who live largely on the money extorted from the people, offers a roule for the wounded or his sword for the cause of the autocracy. They keep for themselves the honors and rewards, reserving the hardships and dangers for the obscure "gray" soldier. Not a copeck of the millions which the Grand Dukes received or squeezed from our people have they given back for warm clothing for the soldiers or medicaments for the wounded and the sick. And while numbers of heroes—genuine heroes—cured of their wounds are turned adrift without a shirt to their

backs, the Grand Ducal drones strut about with stars and ribbons and all the finery symbolical of bravery and virtue, accompanied at times by their fair Aspasia. To most of these men, who impregnate the Emperor's mind with mischievous notions, the gratification of their passions is the sole law of their existence, and the acquisition of money for that indulgence the one purpose that regulates their activity. We are neither puritanical nor hypocritical in Russia, and we can make great allowances for our Imperial family. But we object to a numerous caste of mere blood-sucking parasites, some of whose lives are made up of unpunished crimes, mean shifts, colossal frauds, and outlandish vices. They form a sorry herd of masqueraders who, to assume their proper shapes, need but a sip from a Circe's wine cup. One of the most notorious of the band is the Grand Duke Boris. This youth's wild freaks in St. Petersburg broke the records of the *chronique scandaleuse* of the reign, and would certainly not have been tolerated in the France of the Regency. He was sent to the war partly to remove him out of harm's way, and partly to hinder him from further compromising the family. But he changed the stage only, not his own rôle there. In the Far East he continued the strange unedifying existence he had led on the banks of the Neva, with this difference: that now his comrades and partners, male and female, were drawn from the army. Kuropatkin, who is said to have been assaulted by this promising young Prince, begged for his recall. On the birth of the Heir Apparent he was accordingly sent to the capital "to congratulate the Tsar." And while many a brave Russian soldier was dying by inches lying on horse dung in a pandemonium on wheels, the Grand Duke Boris, whose greatest feat was the invasion of Manchurian haunts of vice, was receiving

from the Emperor a sword of honor as a fitting recognition of his gallantry. The gallantry, not of a soldier, but of a vulgar Don Juan.

The wives and children of the soldiers are also badly off, being treated as enemies might be. In theory, indeed, they are supposed, if in want, to receive an allowance from their commune; but, in fact, many of them wander about from pillar to post begging alms. Other women who possess a cow, or a little corn, are called upon to pay taxes under pain of distress, while their husbands are dying in trucks, grievously wounded, or "are buried in a hurry and presumably dead." The misery which this way of doing the nation's business has brought down upon our people is as yet only in its incipient stage. It may reach its culminating-point in a year from now. A word from the autocrat would stop the war, and put not an end but a term to its horrible consequences. Humanity and religion prompt him to utter the word. Family love and even personal self-interest, properly understood, command him to pronounce it. But he is deaf and blind and blandly persevering.

During the few weeks of relative press freedom which preceded and followed the historic Zemsky Congress every procession, banquet, lecture, meeting, address, and speech brought the ardent desire of the people for peace to the cognizance of the Tsar and his Grand Ducal following. But that was the one topic which the newspapers were absolutely forbidden to discuss. And it was also the subject uppermost in the mind of the nation. The editors of the Zemsky organ⁸ received numerous articles and letters containing arguments, appeals, and petitions against the continuation of the meaningless campaign, but they threw

⁸ "Our Life" is the name of the daily newspaper which has received that epithet.

them into their waste-paper basket. Nothing touched his Majesty so closely, officials said, as that delicate question respecting which his intolerance of divergent opinions was fanatical. To a dignitary who informed him that the news of the formation of three Manchurian armies had caused heart-sinking among the people, who interpreted the order as a sure sign that the war would be continued, his Majesty made answer: "The war is my concern, not theirs. I will have not three only, but five or ten Manchurian armies mobilized, if I think well of it." Now that is not the spirit in which war should be discussed, even by a peace-worshipper. It is unethical. A campaign carried on in spite of its manifest hopelessness, a campaign which imposes tremendous sacrifices and hardly promises infinitesimal advantages, is a crime against humanity. And if autocracy cannot subsist without such crimes, is it worth preserving?

Those are some of the reflections made by myself and many of my colleagues on the Tsar's method of shaping our relations with foreign powers in peace and in war time. To that method we take objection on the ground that it is based on a mistaken view of his rights and duties. He regards himself not as the trustee of the nation but as the owner of so many million souls. Hence if he satisfies his conscience that his motives are good, however lamentable the results of his action, he has performed his duty; and whatever he may do or neglect besides is no business of the people's. It is for him to command and for them to obey. God being with him who is against him? For him Russia is not a nation as France and England are, but only a vast multitude of subjects whose bond of union is their allegiance to the Tsar. Thus interpreting his part, Nicholas II. plays it passably. He did not mean to lead us into war

any more than the blind who leads the blind wishes to fall into the ditch. He recoils from any act the immediate consequence of which he knows to be a breach of the peace. But it is not often that this knowledge is possessed by a man who is unhappily effect-blind. Unquestionably when he sees the State ship making for a rock or sandbank he does change his course. He certainly forsook the Grand Ducal coterie more than once when they were playing for a war with England. For the Tsar's aim is never war: hence it is not of malice that we accuse him, only of incompetency. To us his subjects, however, this is merely a distinction not a sensible difference. Yet all that the moderate spirits among us ask is, that in the conduct of diplomatic negotiations and military operations he should have specialists of his own choice to guide him and should consent to be guided by them. That seems, and indeed is, little. But to a dreamer who thinks that he needs nobody but God, that is to say nobody at all, it involves a very heavy sacrifice. A greater sacrifice will be demanded of Nicholas II. at home where, disdaining to govern an organized nation, he is the lord of a vast multitude of passive subjects. For Russia is not an Empire State but an Imperial estate and all its inhabitants are his serfs. That is the keystone of the autocratic arch. From that mischievous theory of autocracy as from a poisoned source spring all our ills.

His Majesty the Tsar lives in strict monogamy with one idea, and unhappily the union seems doomed to be without male issue. No political Schenk, Philippe or St. Seraphim will cause it to bring forth the wished for fruit. The contents of that idea are that the Autocrat of all the Russias is by God's grace the keeper of the lives, the property, and the consciences of his own people and the arbiter of peace-

or war in the whole world besides. To argue against such a fixed idea is part of the business of medical psychologists. To render it permanently harmless is the duty of those who are liable to suffer from it and they are the entire Russian people. Its victims are lying in the fields of Manchuria and on the heights of the Liao-tung peninsula.

We have seen how that fixed idea of the autocrat undermined the world's peace. Upon everything that our people is, has, and would be, its influence has been still more pernicious. In particular it has destroyed all notion of legality, without which no ordered community can exist. A code of laws, civil and penal, we do possess, and it is spread over a vast number of folios. But its value is chiefly historical. Hence, Prince Dolgorouki truly wrote: "La plus volumineuse des mauvaises plaisanteries est notre code des lois." And in verity it comes to us like the sneer of some satanic autocrat, embodied in the phraseology of the courts. It is pretty well known to most people that everything is forbidden to us, which is not expressly allowed, but what foreigners have more difficulty in realizing is that nothing which is even expressly permitted can be done with the certainty that it will not entail severe punishment.

"Nobody shall be deprived of the rights of his social standing nor shall such rights be curtailed otherwise than by a tribunal for a crime." That is one of the many clauses of a law which foreigners might be tempted to take for the preamble to our *Magna Charta*. But during the present reign and the last they have one and all been rendered obsolete: for the members of the administration and even the police have been invested with extensive privileges which abolish most of the elementary rights of the individual. Hence noblemen, landowners, doctors,

lawyers, schoolmasters, journalists, students, peasants, merchants in a word, members of all sections of society, have been arrested, imprisoned, banished, without ever being reproached with any misdemeanor. Yet the law has never been repealed. It is only systematically violated by the rulers in the name and on behalf of the autocracy. And now loud voices cry out that if autocracy cannot thrive without that privilege of breaking the law in order to trample on the people then autocracy must go.

The press is treated in a similar way. Its liberty is circumscribed by rules which are voluminous and stringent. Yet the journalist who exercises the slender liberty which they leave him is in constant danger of punishment and may be reduced to beggary, imprisoned, or driven to Siberia. In the provinces a newspaper has to be read and approved of by the censor before it can be printed. But even after this official has expressly allowed an article to appear the author of it may be dealt with as a criminal. And religious convictions are played with in like manner. A man holds, for instance, that our Russian Orthodoxy is Christ's Church, but that it ought to be governed by a patriarch instead of a Synod, he is kidnapped by the police, hurried off to a sort of oubliette, and there treated as a dangerous madman. Other people believe that Evangelical Christianity is Christ's teaching. For this they are outraged, banished, and their children excluded from Government and Zemsky schools. That is being done at this very moment, after the publication of the Imperial ukase. In Moscow young men who never broke a law are kept in prison for months and years without a trial, until at last they agree to starve themselves to death; and on the eleventh or twelfth day they are set free, there being no charge against them.

Spies are employed by the thousand to prey into men's secret thoughts about the autocracy. Letters are opened in the postoffice and read—and deplorable mistakes are sometimes made by the readers or their employers. All books, journals, and newspapers coming into the Empire have to be conned, and many of them mutilated by officials immeasurably less enlightened than the men whose reading they regulate. Education is systematically discouraged among the people; individuals who spread it as volunteers are arrested and punished as traitors. The Tsar himself in his marginal glosses discounts it emphatically. Let there be darkness is his command. Taxes are levied upon the peasants greater than they can bear, so that most of them feel the pinch of poverty and nearly all live in squalor, while the Grand Ducal Over-Russians appropriate the funds destined for the army, navy, and other public departments, and parade in the theatres or at balls with their favorite ladies.

Now this is a system of rank injustice which would disgrace the Middle Ages. It is opposed to the teaching of the Church, of which our Tsar is the chief protector. It is inhuman in its tendencies, selfish in its aims, barbarous in its methods. And it is eminently harmful to the autocracy itself.

It was intense hatred of that iniquitous system which emboldened the Zemstvo chiefs to meet together last November and to ask for representative government. It was loathing for that tissue of falsehood, corruption, hypocrisy, and cruelty that roused the students of our Universities and high schools, the members of the liberal professions—in a word, all thinking Russia—to cry "Down with the Autocracy!" And speaking for myself and for those whose views are the same as mine, I cannot but respect their motives. The people like the monarch were act-

ing in good faith. At length on the 12-25 December the Emperor spoke out.

Will his ukase satisfy our people? Britons, Americans, Frenchmen, and Germans ask the question—needlessly. Ukases and manifestoes are paper which endureth all things. Ink and paper are among the plagues of our country. Remove the evils that press upon us, lighten the burdens that weigh us down, and our people will be satisfied and grateful. It is not paper, nor parchment, nor ukases, nor rescripts that we ask for, justice is all that we crave. And justice is denied by the ruler who himself demands generosity. Hitherto our people have been hardly dealt with, ground down as harmful enemies, not treated as loyal subjects. And now it is not that they will not, but that they cannot, endure any longer and live. They have but the choice of perishing in silence or of striking back in virtue of the law of self-defence. And the latter alternative commands itself to many.

It is not hard to help them, but the act presupposes moral courage and political insight, either in the Emperor himself or in his factotum, if he had one. And M. Witte's ukase gives proof of neither. It is a show got up for the delusion of a whole people on the lines on which shows are sometimes arranged for our Russian monarchs. The sham Crimean "villages" improvised by Potemkin for the Empress Catherine are the favorite type, and Witte's ukase is a magna charta for the million *à la Potemkin*, a dissolving view which will, I fear, do as little good to its authors as to its dupes. And the circumstances that the keepers of the peasants' souls and consciences, the land-chiefs, are not to be disbanded, suggests that, after all, even political rights may be but a mirage.

Speaking plainly, the ukase together with its supplementary *communiqué* reads like a cruel and stupid joke. We

look in vain there for any one measure which promises to be fair, square, and thorough. They are nearly all qualified—I might truly say nullified—by *ifs* and *ans*. For that reason they tantalize and irritate instead of pacifying.

When the Tsar, yielding to the entreaties of the Dowager Empress, lately put the interests of the Holstein-Gotthorp⁴ dynasty in the hands of M. Witte political sagacity as well as common sense ought to have prompted him to lay down the condition that no ukase should be issued by way of answer to the demands of the Zemsky Congress. That was a matter of personal dignity and political prudence. An autocrat whose title-deeds were drawn up in heaven cannot afford to allow the mere masses to encroach upon his privileges. Above all things there must be no weakness, no blenching, no signs of fear. That is part of the A B C of autocracy, and nobody ever learned the lesson better than Nicholas I. But his descendant Nicholas II. has committed the unpardonable sin in an absolute monarch; he has allowed himself to be overmastered by the multitude; they piped and he actually danced. An obscure criminal took the life of his Grand Vizier, and the mighty ruler, answerable only to God, at once changed the whole course of his Government in consequence. For a generation our best men had striven to influence the autocracy. Men of letters, journalists, politicians, even courtiers and ministers had tried their hands and failed. Nicholas had but to stamp his foot or hurl his ukase and not a head was seen any longer to tower above the low level of the masses. Silence reigned and resignation. But an obscure mur-

derer, eschewing arguments, makes a bomb and takes the life of the Imperial minister and the Tsar is immediately cowed. He heartily disavows the life-work of his counsellor and his own, and promises to do better and differently in future; forgetting that he is also abandoning the principle of autocracy, proclaiming the futility of argument and putting a premium on criminal violence.

Punishment followed the blunder with swift and sure foot. People thirsting for change noted for future use the spring which moves the sovereign. At banquets and assemblies they laid down the dangerous principle that killing is not necessarily murder and warmly eulogized the assassins of Plehve. And that, to my thinking, is a calamity not for the dynasty only but likewise for our much suffering people. Repeal, reform, abolish to your heart's content, but let not your action be or even seem to be the consequence of fear! But the wine is poured out and now we must drink it to the very dregs.

If it was a blunder to promise reforms because bombs can be manufactured and thrown by fellows who fearing nothing can dare everything, it was a crime to bungle the matter so hopelessly as has been done in the ukase of last December. If reform was worth undertaking at all—at such a terrible sacrifice—it was surely worth doing well. But the document penned by an ambitious official in a hurry to snatch the reins of power, and clawed and mutilated by Grand Ducal harpies bent on upholding their prerogative to prey upon the people, ought never to have seen the light of day. Not because of its gaps, which are many, but on account of its sham reforms, which constitute a wanton provocation. I do not complain that there is no mention there of the legislative assembly which was decreed in

⁴ At present Russia is governed not by the Romanoff but by the Holstein-Gotthorp dynasty. Elizabeth I. was the last of the Romanoffs and her nephew Peter III. the first of the Holstein-Gothorps.

clause 3 of the original ukase and struck out at the last moment. At best it inaugurated only a ceremony, and at worst—i.e., when the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Sergius had done with it—its proper place was the opera bouffe. I do not complain that the whole question of education, which our autocracy is more anxious to stifle than to spread, has been buried. That is far better than bungling it. In truth every problem ought to have been thus avoided which the Tsar could not or would not deal with fully and thoroughly.

Liberty of conscience is one of the "liberties" which, like the right of public meeting and of association, his Majesty ought to have fought shy of to the last, for he has manifestly no intention of granting it. The Stundists—Englishmen would perhaps call them Evangelical Christians—are persecuted in the most unchristian and sometimes inhuman way; and in this the ukase has made no change. Since it was issued our ministry of Public Instruction—as appropriately presided over by a general as the land forces in Manchuria were commanded by a "horse marine"—has refused to the children of Stundists admission to any Government or Zemsky schools. They are condemned to live and die in crass ignorance, not by our Orthodox Church, still less by our tolerant people, but by the autocracy. And now men say that if the night of ignorance must be preserved in order that the star of autocracy should continue to twinkle, they will dispense with its light altogether. Eight Evangelical Christians have been ordered to quit the town of Sevastopol, and several more have been expelled from the province of Kieff since the publication of the ukase. Words, then, not deeds, ukases not reforms, are the watchwords. The manifesto of March 1903 dealt with liberty of conscience in terms similar to those

of the ukase of last December. Nobody was a whit the better for it, for persecution went on as before. Would it not have been wiser to continue the old system in silence without intensifying its bitterness by arousing hopes and disappointing them? Liberty of conscience, forsooth!

The press is another skeleton in the cupboard of autocracy, and officialdom is resolved to hinder as long as possible any political Ezekiel from causing breath to enter into its dry bones. Perchance its revelations would render the existence of the bureaucracy unbearable. That fear is not groundless. But if the press skeleton is not to be removed from the cupboard, and revived, why disturb it with such solemnity? The Tsar promises to repeal the press laws? No, not the press laws; that is impossible. Perhaps the ministerial circulars and the orders daily telephoned to editors which are, so to say, the barbed-wire entanglements around the Statute Law? No, not even these. His Majesty will remove only those restrictions which his bureaucrats may consider "superfluous." Superfluous restrictions! And for this joke a special clause of the Imperial ukase was necessary!

But the Emperor is misinformed if he fancies it is still possible to deal thus with the people's means of enlightenment—education and the press. I who sincerely desire to see the autocracy live, and thrive, believe that it would be inadvisable, if it were feasible, to continue to gag the newspaper and book press. But it is now no longer feasible. Since the Tsar, intimidated by the bomb of Sozonoff⁸ appointed Sviatopolk Mirsky to the Ministry of the Interior and allowed the press for a few weeks a greater degree of liberty than it has enjoyed for a whole generation, he dropped the reins and it is

⁸ The man who actually threw the bomb which killed Plehve.

very unlikely that he can seize them again. I confess I am not sorry. The muzzling system gave us dead silence for a time, followed by cold-blooded lying for a season, and then disaster after disaster. Our people are nourished on mystery and falsehood which are becoming part of their very soul tissues. On the day that Port Arthur surrendered our official organs assured the people that the Japanese had suffered such tremendous defeats that they had completely lost heart. And then the terrible blow smote our people unparried. In a word, it is certain that no power should, and it seems probable that no power can, muzzle our press in the future as in the past. And it is devoutly to be hoped that officialdom will not put the matter to the test. Time is a swift horse and woe to the autocrat who clings not to the mane.

A grain of humor in the Tsar might have saved the Tsardom. But his character lacks that grain. While allowing bureaucrats to hide the truth under a bushel at their discretion, to force our masses to think and pray according to official circulars, to arrest men of every class and rank and punish them without trial or accusation,⁶ the ukase naively announces his Majesty's intention to set law above administrative caprice. "For law," he seriously adds, "is the most essential mainstay of the throne in an autocratic State." "God forbid!" is the response which the friends of autocracy will fervently utter. If law be in truth the strongest support of the throne, the outlook of absolutism in Russia is bleak indeed. For law has long been no more than a vague tradition among us.

Some months ago I was in hopes that autocracy might acquire a further

lease of existence without ruining Russia or ceasing to be itself. But by autocracy I meant not the oriental despotism of Alexander III. and Nicholas II., in which thousands of officials share, but the one-man rule of the first Romanoffs, which was absolute without being despotic. But the despotism of the Holstein-Gottorp dynasty is a monster with thousands of hands, all grasping and all throttling. And of this chaotic *régime* we shall soon see the last.

Some years ago, I remember, M. Pobedonostseff—the last ideologist of autocracy—explained the limitations of that form of government at a sitting of the Committee of Ministers. Sipyaghin, who afterwards became Home Secretary and was murdered, had presented to the Emperor the petition of a private person who desired to have a decision of the Senate summarily quashed. No precedent could be pleaded for interfering in a civil case which had been definitely decided by the highest court, but Sipyaghin held that the Tsar could do everything, and that whatever he does is right and just. Pobedonostseff, however, flatly denied that theory, and in an excellent speech very clearly explained what the limitations of autocracy are. He defined it as a legal form of government not a despotism. The Tsar, he said, is indeed the source of law, but on condition that he be also its guardian and see that it is respected.⁷ That, unfortunately, is only the theory.

Still, I hoped that Nicholas II. would see that the Tsardom need not be the embodiment of caprice, that one man may be absolute without all good and gifted men being banished or imprisoned. I thought that with competent advisers—chosen by himself—to

⁶ That is the signification of the provisional preventive measures adopted after the murder of Alexander III. and down to this day. They abolish all laws and make the governors

sharers of Imperial power. And the Tsar in his ukase has refused to repeal them.

⁷ Sipyaghin's proposal was thrown out by the Committee of Ministers.

stand by him in critical moments, without the mischievous meddling of greedy Grand Dukes and their rapacious followers, and with the press to keep him in touch with the nation, his autocracy might live on to train our people and gradually fit them for a larger share in the government.

But to-day I am less hopeful. The ukase has compromised absolutism, estranged the people, and damaged a cause which had long ceased to arouse enthusiasm. It shows Nicholas II. in the light of a man who has no sense of public duty, no political instincts, no psychological tact. He trifles with words and phrases while his people are writhing and bleeding. He is unable to rid himself of the idea that Russia is his estate, his *rochina*. Other countries may be governed badly or well, but at least they are ruled for the nation: ours is managed only for the dynasty. For Russia is an estate, not a State. It belongs to the Holstein-Gotthorp family—is in reality their private property. Hence the Tsar refuses to listen to the advice of his "serfs," even when they would have the Augean stables of the Grand Dukery cleansed and disinfected. His Imperial uncles, cousins, and nephews are dearer to him than the Fatherland, their interests touch him more closely than the fate of people. It was Grand Dukes Vladimir and Sergius who gave its final shape to the ukase. It is the Grand Dukes who clog every wheel in the State machinery, taking much and giving little, obtaining honors in exchange for honor. Probably no such greedy and unscrupulous hangers-on of royalty have ever been known to history. They fear no law, they despise every minister, they live on the fat of the land, and are ready to ruin the nation for the pettiest of interests. Before Russia could again reconcile herself to autocracy the claws of those harpies must be cut. That seemed evident to

all, or rather to all but the Emperor. His Majesty ignored it. He recently said to one of his ministers who had spoken to him of a legislative chamber: "I will not entertain the idea. Besides, it is a matter which concerns not myself only, but my family, and they will never consent." Has he no fear that they will hamper or harm him irremediably? If, as the proverb says, "The lesser saints are the ruin of God," what *rôle* may not human demons play when their superior is only a Tsar?

Nicholas II. may still hope something from fate, but he has much to fear from time and men, to whose warnings he has hitherto been blind and deaf. At the beginning of his reign, if, instead of stamping angrily with his foot and punishing the loyal men of Tver for their frankness, he had hearkened to their voices he would have become a popular idol at a small cost. He might then have delighted his subjects with toys of mere glittering quartz; to-day they demand costly diamonds, and no longer as a favor but as a right. But he perceives no difference between now and then. And in his own character there is none. For the Nicholas of to-day is the Nicholas of ten years ago; a mild nerve-shattered youth, incapable of clear, hard thinking, or of pitting his will against that of the masses, who walks through life with the settled smile of a somnambulist moving serenely over dizzy cliffs for a while. A few weeks ago he sent for Count Ignatieff and consulted him on the problems which were then uppermost in his mind. The conversation was opened thus: "I want your views, Count, as to the form of Government which I had best give to Manchuria." "It is a difficult problem, your Majesty; but we shall be able to see more clearly by the time the province will have been formally annexed." "Oh, that will be very soon

now. You may assume that it is ours already. Go on." Another question which his Majesty put to the Count was: "What course ought, in your opinion, to be taken respecting our concessions in Corea?" The Count's reply was framed on the same lines as his answer to the first query. The question was not pressing, and the Japanese were still in Corea. But Nicholas insisted that they were going out again very soon. In a word, as he was, he is, and, unhappily for us, will continue to be. Our people have a saying that the tomb alone can straighten a hunchback.

To the acts of such a prince we need not look for signs of those unsuspected gifts which God sometimes bestows on a man in secret, and circumstance brings to light in a day or an hour. As in the past, so in the present, he makes laws which he will not respect; he convokes councils whose advice he declines to follow; he appoints minis-

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ters whom he forbids to speak or act; substitutes for them favorites to whom in turn he offers a deaf ear, and is now trying almost alone to force our whole nation to bleed to death for himself and a parasitic brood of human blood-suckers. But hither our people will probably refuse to follow him. They already deny his right to send them thither.

Yet he still insists with the serenity of the somnambulist and the smile of the seer. Whether ruler and ruled will yet try issues is now immaterial, because autocracy, as the Holstein-Gottorp dynasty understands it, is at its last gasp. Whatever else may survive the coming storm that monstrosity must surely go, and one fervently hopes that the autocrat will not cling more closely to it than he has clung to the mane of fleeting time. *Fata volentes ducunt, nolentes trahunt.*

The Author of "The Tsar"
in the Quarterly Review.

THE CHURCHES AND THE CHILD.

The time has arrived for a frank consideration of the whole question of the relations of the Churches to education. Living facts only, apart from all past traditions and practices not essential to the real issue, are relevant to the inquiry. I shall deal chiefly with the claims of the Roman Catholic Church; for that Church has taken up the most extreme position in regard to education. Any argument that tells against her position applies with equal, if not greater force, to the other Churches. The Catholic Church has often shown herself capable of adapting her methods to the conditions of the age, when these conditions can be moulded to help her in her spiritual mission. In view of the disturbance in England

over the Education Act, and the present *débâcle* in France, it may be well, perhaps, for the Church to consider whether she could, without sacrificing any essential principle, adopt an educational policy that would meet the needs of Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States.

Those who have watched the trend of events in these countries must acknowledge a growing dissatisfaction on the part of the people with the present interference of the Churches in secular education. England is in an uproar against the last Education Act, which has already become so unworkable in Wales that the Government which introduced the law is said to be about to amend it. The Liberal Party, when it

gets into power, is unlikely to stop short at mere amendment. In Ireland, a strong party, including many practical Catholics, is dissatisfied with the clerical management of primary schools, and is unwilling to give the Church any large share in the control of the proposed university for Catholics. In the United States, many leading Catholics have openly opposed the Church-school system; and still larger numbers consider it an intolerable burthen on the Catholic middle class and poor. In English-speaking countries generally, the Catholic Church seems to be in opposition to the State on the school question, and without the support of many of its own best church attendants. Unless the question at issue is an essential one, this is an unusual position for the Catholic Church, which does not usually fill the rôle of a Quixote tilting against windmills.

In discussing the relations of the Church to education, a distinction must be made between religious and secular education. Few will deny the right of the Church to educate the child in its religious belief. The fight of the Roman Catholic Church to maintain this right, in the face of persecution and suffering, is one of the noblest and most striking events in history. A fight for conscience' sake, although often bitterly opposed at the moment, has always commanded the respect of the world. But the right to control the religious education of the child differs widely from the right to control its secular education, which can only be urged, even by the Church, on the ground of extrinsic considerations endangering the child's faith or morals. A Church conscious of the reality of her divine mission could never relinquish her right to religious education; but, according to her own theory, the Church might waive her claim to control secular education, if

the assertion of the claim led to a greater moral evil than a possible danger to the faith and morals of the child. The danger to the faith and morals of the child under a State system of secular education in the United Kingdom and the United States is extremely problematical; indeed, in the minds of many Catholics, it is non-existent, especially if the Church makes use of other means readily at her command to secure the religious teaching of her children. On the other hand, an attempt to enforce the claim of the Church to control secular education is certain to provoke grave breaches of Christian peace.

The claim of the Church to the control of secular education seems to be based, not so much on the facts and conditions of the day, as on the desire to preserve historical continuity. In medieval times, the Church controlled all education, secular as well as religious. It was an age when the clergy were almost the only educated men; therefore on them naturally fell the duty of teaching. As a rule, medieval education was confined to the teaching of polite letters, in so far as these were necessary for the culture of the gentleman of the day. The old monasteries were filled with men capable of imparting this learning. They gave the little the age demanded; and everybody was pleased. After the Reformation, there was little change. In Roman Catholic countries, education still continued in the hands of the clergy. The Reformed Churches adopted and continued the old traditions. In England, America, and Scotland, the university was dominated by the local form of religion. In Ireland, an attempt was made to force a Protestant university on a Catholic people. Each church had its secondary schools. With the growth of industrial life, a new view of education grew up. It was no longer regarded as a luxury

of the well-to-do, but took its true place as an integral element in national development. The State, which hitherto had left education to individuals, was forced to consider its position in regard to the education of its citizens. The view began to prevail, that the future of democracy lay in better education, and that the ideal State was a highly educated people. This principle led to the establishment of the public school system, with the intention of bringing education to the doors of the poorest. Difficulties with the churches at once arose. Their influence was threatened in a field in which they had reigned supreme. What came to them largely by custom was claimed as a right more or less essential to the teaching of the Church. The State was torn by party conflicts. To-day the following not very satisfactory result prevails. In the United States a frankly undenominational State system of primary education, side by side with an expensive Church system supported by voluntary contributions; in Ireland, an undenominational system that, with the connivance of the Government, is practically denominational; in Great Britain, an undenominational system with certain denominational rights, which practically places the British Church school in the same position as the Irish National school. The solution is hardly satisfactory, from the point of view of either Church or State.

The supporters of an undenominational system of State primary secular education have a strong case. This is a democratic age. In the United Kingdom and America, the will of the people is the law of the land. Democracy, in its present form, is not perfect; but the fact is becoming more and more evident, that it is the form of government likely to prevail in the world. The aim of all who are interested in good government should be to make democracy perfect, if perfection is

humanly possible; if not, at least to aim at its perfection. The first step towards a perfect democracy is the education of the suffrage. It is now a commonplace, that every child has a right to receive a thoroughly sound elementary education from the State. The State has the duty of instructing each child, so as to fit it for its important office of a ruler in civil life, which is really the position of a voter in parliamentary and municipal elections in a democratic State. Since the success of the modern State depends largely on its success in industry, this idea must also influence education. Church and State agree that the State has power to raise funds to secure these educational ends. The point of dispute between the church and the supporters of State control narrows itself down to the administration of the funds raised by the State, and to the immediate local control of educational schemes. The State seems to have the exclusive right to administer and direct secular education. The object of the State is to maintain efficiency of citizenship. To be certain of attaining this result, control of the education of its citizens seems to be necessary. Money, too, is raised from the people for a specific purpose. The State is bound to see that this money is spent economically and efficiently. These rights and duties of the State to the citizens generally would not preclude it from delegating authority, even in secular education, to any particular Church. But the onus of proof certainly seems to be thrown on the particular Church, to show that this delegation is called for because of grave reasons; that in present conditions it is possible; and, if it is called for, that the ends of the State are likely to be carried out efficiently. It may be well to examine these three points in some detail.

The main reasons advanced by the

Catholic Church in claiming a controlling voice in the secular education of the young are: first, that, unless the Church has this control, the faith and morals of the children will be seriously endangered; therefore, as the spiritual end of the child must be looked to rather than the civil, the State ought to give way: second, that the parent's right to decide the form of his child's education is inviolable, therefore the Church ought to have control.

If it were clearly proved that a State system of secular education would seriously endanger the faith and morals of children, the Church would have a strong claim on the consideration of all who believe, as I do, that, without the reality of a spiritual life, all else is gray and barren. But the statement that State secular education has this effect is an assertion that has never been proved. In fact, when one tests it by one's own experience in the immediate circle of one's acquaintances, the assertion proves baseless. Several of my friends were educated in non-Catholic schools and colleges, without the slightest injury to their faith. A cause that has to be backed up by vague or untrue assertions is, if not weak, at least likely to be suspected of weakness.

The right of the parent to decide on the education of his child may be viewed in different lights. The right of the parent to decide on the religious education will be conceded by all who believe in religion. Religion is too intimate a thing, too personal a relation between the individual and God, to be submitted to State interference. With secular education, it is different. The individual to a certain extent merges in the State, and becomes one with it. The individual forms the State and controls it; but he is bound to regulate his life by its laws. Owing to the close connection between good government and the education of all

citizens, the parent's right to decide on the question of his child's secular education seems to merge in the State. No one now questions the right of the State to insist on the attendance of children at school for a specified number of days and hours. This right of the State would be useless if it could not prescribe the course of instruction. But, even if the parent's right were conceded, it would by no means follow that control ought to be given to the Church. Not all Catholic parents prefer Church schools.

That it is possible in present conditions for the State to delegate authority in secular education to the Churches, is not clear. In the abstract, the State has the right to choose the best agencies through which to act. Provided the Churches were efficient educators, the State could delegate to them the control and administration of education. In the concrete, difficulties arise. For Roman Catholics the Church is one; but for the modern State the Church is diverse and multiplex. In Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States, the Roman Catholic Church is not only not in a majority, but is a comparatively small minority of the whole, having a majority only in Ireland. In America and England, besides the Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian Churches, there are a number of other sects which form no inconsiderable proportion of the population. In England there is an Established Church which has a close connection with the State, and which managed to secure the passing of the last Education Act. But the days of Establishment are threatened; and a permanent settlement of the Education Question must be effected independently of Establishment, and in the light of its non-existence. Apart from the question of efficiency, the difficulty of the State in delegating educational authority to a Church or Churches lies

in their number and diversity. To whom is control to be given? From whom is it to be withheld? The difficulty will further increase with Disestablishment; for, within the Church of England to-day, there is such a diversity of opinion as to doctrine, that, with Disestablishment, will come a break-up and a further increase in the number of Churches. The State has to deal with all Churches alike. It cannot be supposed to share in the religious convictions of individuals who themselves differ widely. Direct control delegated to one Church or sect will be resented by the rest. Control given to a few will arouse the anger of the many. The ideal State would surround the child with religious influences all through its education. But what is the concrete State to do? Diversity of belief makes its choice of a Church almost impossible. A recognition of all forms of belief would introduce a system impossible because of its complexity. With all these difficulties in view, it is not easy to see how the State is to delegate its power over secular education to the Churches.

There still remains the question of efficiency. What reason is there to believe that the Church school would prove an efficient secular educator? It is here that the claim of the Churches can be judged apart from abstract reasoning, by the test of facts. It may be urged, by the supporters of the Church school, that it cannot be judged by the past, that want of the necessary control or lack of funds was a bar to its efficiency. These reasons cannot be given in favor of the American Church schools, which are entirely under the control of the clergy, nor of the Irish National schools under clerical management. Taking these two classes of schools as a whole, they do not give as efficient secular instruction as the ordinary American or English State school; nor do they give such re-

ligious instruction as would justify their separate existence.

In almost every American diocese there is an expensive Roman Catholic school system, side by side with the State schools. The Church schools are maintained on the so-called voluntary system: that is, by money raised by the pastors from the laity by annual subscriptions, often not voluntarily, and in very many instances grudgingly given. A number of these subscriptions are given by the poorer and more ignorant members of the Church, generally by Irish emigrants, whose feelings are excited by vigorous sermons portraying in vivid colors the dangers to Catholic faith and morals of State school education. Enthusiasm for the Church-school system is generally confined to priests and nuns and other religious, the lay element in the Church being mere subscribers to a system they often condemn in private conversation. The richer and more independent Catholics, while on the best terms with the Church authorities, send their children to non-Catholic schools. Many of the more intelligent Catholics, even among the poorer classes, refuse to send their children to the Church schools, preferring the State schools because of the better education given there. As one woman who sent her children to the State school said: "The teaching is better; and my children have to make their way in life." It is an extraordinary organizing power that has enabled the Roman Catholic Church in America to collect millions of pounds to build up its Church-school system, and to expend enormous sums yearly on its up-keep, in order to carry out an idea the majority of educated laymen do not approve of, and some of the more intelligent American bishops disown. One of the most prominent American Catholics, who possesses in a high degree the confidence of his co-religionists, expressed

perhaps the feeling of the whole of his class when he said of the Church-school system:—

It imposes an unjust and excessive tax, mainly on the artisans and poorer store-keepers. Viewed from an educational standpoint, it gives a lower training than the State school. It defeats its own purpose on the religious side.

On being asked what he meant to convey by the last sentence, he explained:—

I shall illustrate it by my own example. I was educated at a New England State school with Unitarian school-fellows. No attempt was ever made to interfere with my religion. The moral standard of the school was of the highest. Occasionally a school-fellow sneered at some article of my faith. He generally got well beaten for his sneer; but, if I did not understand the point he objected to, I took care to ask my mother, when I went home, to explain it to me; if she couldn't explain, the priest was called in, and I was instructed. I have a good working knowledge of my religion now; but I got it through contact with my Unitarian school-fellows. I left that school carrying with me the respect and affection—which I retain to this day—of school-fellows who differed then, and who differ now, from me in religion. Boys who attend the Church schools now-a-days never hear of an objection to their religion until they are grown up. The slight religious instruction they bring with them from the Church school is of little use to them, and they fall an easy prey to unbelief.

This is an intelligent appreciation of the American school question. The Church school, as a rule, follows the same course of instruction, but with less efficient teachers and insufficient inspection, as the State school. There are, besides, purely formal religious exercises which, while they perhaps create a religious atmosphere of a certain kind, in no way add to the pupil's

knowledge of his faith or of the moral law. One of the leading Church schools in New York placed no higher ideal of civic morality before its senior class than to vote with their Party—in their case "Tammany Hall." One of the most common objections to the Church school in America is, that it produces no influence whatever on civic morality, and that, in New York especially, the Church-school pupils are, in many cases, the most corrupt politicians.

A few of the Church schools in America are highly efficient. One in Chicago is perhaps one of the best primary schools in the world—the pastor happens to be an intelligent and highly cultivated man, with abundant means. But he is not hopeful of the future of his school. "When I go," he said, "it will fall through. The people take no interest in it. They find the cost, too, a great burthen." The far-seeing American Catholic parent often sends his children to the Church school up to ten years of age: "The sisters look after them," one of them said, naively. At ten the children are sent to the State school.

Two objections are brought against the Church school in America, which would apply with equal force in the United Kingdom. One is, that celibate clergy and nuns are less fit than lay people to instruct the young in the ordinary secular duties of life; the fact that clergymen *ex professo* place the end of all their efforts in another life, makes them, it is said, the worst possible guides in the struggle for material and social advancement. The second is, that the Church school tends to keep alive religious bigotry which is injurious to the welfare of the State. The State aims at efficiency of citizenship, not mere skill in arts and crafts only, but citizenship in a much wider sense. The State has urgent need that all its citizens should be men grounded in the

civic virtues, in municipal and political honesty, in that charity which will enable them to regard their competitors and fellow-workers of a different religion, as fellow citizens all equally interested in the welfare of the State. Insistence on religious differences all through the school years of children tends, it is said, to destroy civic charity; experience has shown that it tends to produce civic hatred and distrust. This view seems to be confirmed by facts in the north of Ireland. In Ulster, three sets of schools are maintained by the State—Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian. Intense sectarian bitterness prevails, pervading the whole business, social, municipal, and political life of the province. In the west and south of Ireland, on the other hand, where Catholics and Protestants attend a common school, peace and charity prevail. It is a curious anomaly, if civil discord arises from religious interference in secular education!

Secular education given in Irish primary schools under clerical management is not, even in a moderate sense, efficient. Dr. Starkie, the Roman Catholic Resident Commissioner of National Education in Ireland, said so, some years ago, in an Address delivered to the British Association in Belfast. He was immediately condemned in a series of resolutions by the clerical managers, who, however, can hardly be considered impartial judges in their own case. The Irish National school system has been accepted by the Roman Catholic Church as a solution of the religious difficulties in regard to primary schools, and has been held up as a model to England and America for the solution of similar difficulties. It is but a poor solution. If the Irish National school may be taken as an example of what the school under clerical management can do towards the secular instruction of

children, the claim of the Church school as an efficient secular instructor falls to the ground. Nominally an undenominational system, with schools open to children of all forms of religious belief, it is, to the knowledge of the Government, worked on denominational lines. The local manager is, with very few exceptions, either a Roman Catholic, Episcopal, or Presbyterian clergyman. The religion of the manager is the religion of the pupil. Clergymen become managers, practically *ex-officio*, on being appointed to certain clerical positions, irrespective of their knowledge of, or interest in, educational matters. Very often they have neither the knowledge nor the interest. The manager, in civil law, has the sole right of appointment and dismissal of teachers. For appointment a teacher must have a National Board certificate of competency. Teachers may be dismissed on three months' notice, without cause, or reference to the National Board. The manager is supposed to regulate the programme of instruction, the approval only of the National Board being necessary. Provided four hours' secular instruction is given each day, it is open to the manager to make what provision he pleases for religious instruction. Not even the most ardent supporter of the Church-school system can deny, that here we have the utmost clerical control of secular education, paid for out of State funds, that any modern State is likely to countenance. Yet impartial observers have written its history in the one word: "failure." It is founded on an untruth which recognizes a denominational school as undenominational; it gives the administration of public funds to irresponsible individuals; it is inefficient in its management and in its educational results; it is not even a help to the Church in promoting religious education. These are strong statements; but they are abundantly borne out by facts.

To take the last first; no real help to religious education is given in the Irish Catholic National school. The pupils are not more remarkable for their love of truth, of obedience, and of justice, than their fellows in the State schools in England or America. The only religious education given in the Irish Catholic National school is for a half-hour each day, generally in the morning, before all the pupils are present. There is a glib recitation of prayers, and of an elementary catechism, the meaning of which the pupils rarely understand. Irish Roman Catholic bishops have admitted these facts when dealing with this aspect of the question locally. Catholic bishops and priests in Australia and America are always deplored the religious ignorance of the Irish emigrant. No help is given to the pupil towards a decision of the grave moral issues that underlie the franchise. In fact, less religious instruction is given in the average Irish Catholic National School in a year, than an intelligent priest could give in a few hours' instruction.

That no general local interest is shown by the Irish people in education, is evident to the most casual observer. The Irish elector has never given a vote on a purely educational issue. He has no real voice in education, beyond the paying of taxes. He does not advert to the fact—often he does not even know—that he pays for the education of his children. He has hitherto been heard of only as the dumb signer of petitions, the purport of which he never enquires into. The local clerical manager, when he acts at all, acts on his own or his bishop's initiative. Unfortunately, he is often inert, and takes no interest whatever in his schools beyond resenting any interest that is shown by others. It has recently been suggested—a confession of the failure of clerical management and one-man control—that the local control should

be taken out of the exclusive hands of the clerical managers, and vested in elected committees, with a view to try and promote a local interest which at present does not exist, and without which no true educational system can flourish. This proposal is, and will be, strongly opposed by the clerical managers, who, while making no effort to prevent the spread of dry-rot which is possessing the whole system, cling to an inherited power, and resent change.

The inefficiency of National School instruction is generally recognized. It leads to nothing; it takes no account of local conditions; it promotes a scrappy and insufficient literary instruction, without any relation to the future life or prospects of the pupil. It has no practical side. Efficiency of instruction depends largely on good management and local interest. The present system of management is opposed to all three. Many efforts have been made to promote efficiency of instruction, notably by Dr. Starkie. But all the schemes proposed depend for their success on local co-operation, which is not forthcoming. The local managers either are not interested, or do not understand the schemes, or refuse to help, for considerations in which educational efficiency is the last thing thought of.

The practical obstacle to efficient secular education in Ireland narrows itself down to the local clerical manager. As a rule, he is inefficient. There are notable exceptions; I speak only in general terms. The great majority of managers are not to be blamed. They are merely the instruments of a policy in the direction of which they have no voice. Yet they occupy an unfortunate position, to the lasting injury of the children of Ireland of this generation. Many of them are excellent priests, of great zeal, and high moral character. They occupy their present

position because their years of service in other spheres of Church work entitled them to promotion to an office that practically carried with it *ex-officio* a school-managership. They have had no training in educational affairs. During the long professional training of Maynooth, modern educational problems are rarely heard of; and the future manager gets no hint as to how he should fit himself for his office. When appointed manager, he generally contents himself with signing papers which he never reads; in paying flying visits to his schools, mainly to see if the average attendance is being kept up; in giving an occasional vague sermon in church on the great blessings of education. A few do more, many not so much. The few managers who try intelligently to improve educational conditions, are often so hampered in their action by their bishops, that they despair of achieving any permanent results. Not the least strange fact in the Irish so-called "undenominational" National School system is, that it is dealt with by the Catholic episcopacy as part of their ordinary diocesan administration. They use their ecclesiastical power to control the managers, who, by a legal fiction, are supposed to be independent officers holding power directly from a Government Department. Holding the right of appointment to parishes, the bishops practically appoint all school managers. The bishops also intervene in the appointment of teachers, and in many other details of administration, often in such a way as to destroy initiative in the few managers who are really interested in education. The Irish bishops, therefore, have a final claim to the credit or discredit attending the good or ill success of that remarkable experiment in secular education under clerical control, known as the Irish National School system.

The only logical conclusion from

what has been said is: that the Church ought to re-consider her position. The position she has taken on the education question is injuring both Church and State in all English-speaking countries. Even to us, who are in sympathy with the spiritual mission of the Church in the world, her education policy has no foundation, either in reason or religion; to descend to a lower plane, it is not expedient. It is based on unproved assertions, and on fears that are groundless, or, if real, that can be otherwise easily guarded against. It has given rise to a new antagonism between Church and State, that will go far to prevent the realization of Christ's essential mission. The scaffolding is not the building; nor does a pile of dead bodies make a living Church. Charity and peace are the law of the Christian life. When the preaching of the law provokes strife and all uncharitableness, the Church ought to take pause, look carefully to her methods, and, if a mistake has been made, boldly change her front and adopt new ways of spreading the leaven of spirituality, of which there is such urgent need in the material world of to-day. A clinging to organized power has often been the bane of the Christian Church. Forgiveness, and love, and the suffering of all things gladly, are not less necessary to-day than when Christ spoke in Galilee and Judea. Nonconformists and Agnostics are no less the objects of Christ's love than Roman Catholics. If Roman Catholics believe that they have realized Christ more perfectly than other men, let them show it to the world. The mission of the Church is, by being all things to all men, to gain all for Christ. Human means are fallible; but the eternal mission of love is ever the same. If a human theory of the relations of the Church to the State fitted one age, and does not fit the next, the Church, having within her a life that never dies, can adapt herself to

the new conditions. The modern State is an evolution of to-day, and is not solved by a medieval formula. God and the soul have a constant relation, to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow; but organizations, whether civil or religious, are ever changing, and need new adaptations one to another. It is because the Church does not realize the modern State, that the wrangle over the child is disturbing the Christian world at this moment. The modern State may not be an ideal one. In its new found independence, it is full of the lust of power and the lust of pleasure, and is,

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perhaps, too conscious of its strength. Though its spiritual view is somewhat dimmed, it has a growing feeling of sympathy with humanity in its suffering and weakness. Efficiency is its political and economic gospel. It is not a "godless" state; and now and again catches a glimmer of the divine vision. It offers a fruitful field for a spiritual awakening to those who bring sympathy to bear on the understanding of its needs; but it will not tolerate religious arrogance, nor an ignorant interference with the necessities of its civil progress.

J. O'Donovan.

A BITTER PARTING.

"Shel' I let your cat in, Sarah? I fancy I can hear him mewin' outside."

"You let him alone. If you wait a minit he'll let hisself in."

Sarah Lake's speech was abrupt, but that was merely the result of character confirmed by habit. Had she been an earl's daughter, with every advantage of rank and education, instead of a peasant's wife, she could never have been moulded into a gentlewoman of soft manners and speech. Her large features and big frame usually gave the impression of a man masquerading in woman's dress; and her harsh dissonant voice was without the note of music that usually harmonizes the roughest of masculine intonation.

The square-faced eight-day clock, with its faint Arabic numerals, had just wheezed out the noon tide hour, as Sarah and her husband were sitting down to dinner. Mrs. Nelson, her sister, from the neighboring parish of Tofton, was joining them, with her bonnet on because she had no cap with her; but, as a concession to manners, the strings were untied and floated rakishly over her shoulders.

James Lake, by the curious law of contrast that equalizes so many things in this unequal world, was a little man with wizened cheeks and iron-gray hair that hung raggedly round his forehead in a fringe of dark silver. From beneath this fringe peered a pair of bright, deep-set, blue eyes, which, as he was sparing of speech, were not seldom the only exponents of a mild cynicism of the kind that is so often allied with a large sympathetic heart—a union analogous to the queer good-fellowship existing between humor and pathos.

"There!" he exclaimed, as the kitchen door slowly opened and the body of a big black cat came edging itself through with tail erect and a calm lordly deliberation that indicated his status in the household. "Didn't Sairy tell ye he'd manage for hisself? Tony is as wise a cat as ever lived. Do you know how he done it?"

"No, I don't, an' I don't want to," said Mrs. Nelson shortly.

She shared her sister's abruptness of speech, but, being a smaller woman physically and mentally, it degenerated into what looked like a very bad tem-

per. "I don't care for cats, I never did. They're unfaithful trech'rous things, and all the love they give you is just cupboard love."

"Now, now," said her brother-in-law, in his quiet voice, "you mustn't judge 'em all alike. We never had one like Tony afore; he's a deal more sensible, an' grateful too, than many a human bein', to say nothin' o' bein' better-tempered than most. Just you look here."

The cat had jumped to his knee, and, with arching neck and a gentle pressure against the hand that caressed him, signified his reciprocal content at the meeting. At a word from his master he stepped softly on to the table, giving a short low note of satisfaction; then, digging a paw among some potatoes on Mr. Lake's plate, he presently carried them daintily to his mouth with the action of a child eating from its hand.

The old man's eyes grew brighter with twinkles of delight, his mouth curved into fresh wrinkles of satisfaction. His undemonstrative wife too, who was in the act of drinking tea, held her cup poised in three fingers while she watched Tony with as much pride, though more successfully concealed.

"Ain't that pretty now?" he asked of Mrs. Nelson triumphantly. "Could a child do it prettier? But he can do more'n that—"

"Tony!"

The cat sprang to his knee again, and gazed with green hungry eyes at his master, who had placed a morsel of meat between his lips.

Tony understood. He climbed gently up Mr. Lake's waistcoat to his mouth, from whence he carefully took the meat in his pink delicate lips; then, turning with a spring, he carried it to the floor to enjoy at leisure.

Mrs. Nelson watched this exhibition with a disgust that she did not attempt or wish to conceal.

"I s'pose 'tis because you never had no children that you make sech fules o' yourselves over cats," she said sourly. "I couldn't touch them taters if they was mine after a cat had been messin' over 'em like that. Besides, I don't think 'tis safe. I knew an old lady who used to feed her cat jest in the same way; she'd encourage it to eat from her plate and her mouth jest as you do, an' one day when she didn't feed him quite fast enough for his likin', seein' her t'roat movin' wi' swallerin' her food, the brute sprang at it an' tore it open. Of course she died of it, an' I've never liked cats since."

James Lake was a little disconcerted at the grim story, and had no reply ready for the moment; but his wife, who was always a match for her sister, stepped into the breach.

"That was a nasty accident," she said calmly in her rough emphatic voice, "but that cat didn't mean no harm, poor thing. They allus go for anything movin'; look at 'em with a ball o' wool, or a mouse. 'Tis nothin' but their natur."

"An' a very nasty natur too, I call it. But there, folks wi' no children must be silly wi' somethin', an' cats is as good as anything else, I s'pose."

"A sight better'n some children, I think," said Mr. Lake, stroking tenderly the fine black fur of Tony's back. "It's a deal safer to set your affections on cats than on children. They may scratch your hand sometimes at thinkin', but they never break your hearts wi' their misdoin'."

Later that same afternoon, when her husband had gone to work, and Mrs. Nelson had returned to her own home, Sarah Lake was standing at the back door, her dust-color poke bonnet pushed well over her face as a protection from the scorching July sun. Her hand was curled telescope-fashion before one eye, as she peered anxiously across the "piece" they rented.

"My eyes aren't so good as they were," she muttered, "but I believe that man is measurin'. I'll wait a bit; maybe he'll be down here directly."

The Lakes lived in a four-roomed cottage, situated in a peaceful green lane, an offshoot of the village of Northorpe, and a full mile away from its main street. It was a pleasant little backwater, where the dozen or so families lived in that amity which is the usual result of mutual interdependence. They criticised each other with outspoken freedom, and as freely gave help to any of their number in trouble; in their leisure they cultivated the quarter-acre of garden that went with each house; and as few of them could read they were sublimely, contentedly ignorant of all that went on outside their charmed circle of Arcadia, which whispers from the Great World rarely came to disturb.

James Lake had an important distinction from his fellows. He was able, chiefly owing to the lie of the land, to rent a couple of acres instead of the regular quarter-acre, and this, in the days previous to the Allotments Act, was a quite unusual stroke of luck. With no children, and an energetic wife, things had gone smoothly, and years of unremitting toil had made of those two acres of land a humble paradise.

As Sarah looked out from her back door that July afternoon it lay stretched before her eyes like a map. To the right lay the "corn piece," the shining fringes of its barley faintly stirred at intervals by a hot wind; to the left, a section of turnips, bright green and thriving; facing the house was the big fruit-garden, the very heart and jewel of the whole, sloping gently upwards to a thick hedge which separated it from the high meadow-land beyond. What a garden it was! Full, almost too full, of strong young fruit-bushes, now gleaming with ripe

gem-like berries; above them towered sheltering apple-trees, whose twisted and picturesque limbs, covered with moss and gray lichen, any horticulturist would have condemned to immediate destruction. Bees hummed drowsily as they fared to and from their hives, sipping sweets from the wanton faces of the dainty China roses that, with the more useful elder-bushes, formed a boundary line between the corn piece and the garden.

Sarah was right. The man and the boy who was helping came nearer, along the narrow path, and presently their measurements brought them before the door of the cottage.

"Good afternune," she commenced tentatively, looking with eyes that questioned the newcomer. Then, with the direct dealing characteristic of this strong masculine woman, she immediately asked, "What might you be doin' that for?"

"I'm measuring the land about here," the man replied with a frank pleasant glance from under his wide hat, "and it's hot work a day like this. You haven't such a thing as a glass of home-brewed about, I suppose?"

"No, we drank the last a week ago, an' I haint brewed again yet," said Sarah, who was longing to know his business on her land, but diplomatic enough to understand that he would be more inclined to tell her after quenching his thirst. "Could you drink a drop o' mead? 'Tis my own make; we keep bees, y'know."

"I could drink anything just now, except water, perhaps. Water isn't healthy drink in hot weather, is it?" he said with a knowing twinkle.

Sarah went into the cottage and presently returned with two coarse blue-rimmed yellow mugs, in which the brown syrupy liquid sparkled in bright bubbles. After giving one to the man, she handed the smaller of the two to the boy, who stood a little dis-

tance off, and then walked back to where the surveyor stood, and anxiously waited for more news when he should have finished drinking.

"Thank you," he said heartily, as he gave her the mug; "that's the best drink I've tasted for a long while."

Mrs. Lake paid no heed to his compliment by smile or word. She was absorbed in curiosity to know what had brought him there. During the five-and-forty years that she and her husband had lived in their cottage no person of his occupation had ever been seen on the land, and she feared it boded evil.

"Who are you measurin' for?" she asked.

"I'm not sure that I ought to tell you," he replied; "however, if I do, you mustn't make a song of it. The Asylum people are in treaty for all the land about here. As good as bought it, I fancy, from what I hear."

A dull unformed fear gripped at Sarah's heart, though her grim weather-lined face was still impassive. "What do they want wi' the land?" she asked sharply.

"Why, to build a new Asylum on, of course. The old one isn't half big enough; they're always having to turn lunatics away."

"Then I s'pose," said Sarah slowly, as the dim horror took shape in her brain, and flitted before her mental vision like a nightmare, "I s'pose we shan't be able to rent the land next year."

"No, I don't think you will, nor your cottage either for the matter of that. But there's one comfort, you'll all be in the same boat; every one in the lane 'll have to turn out and all the cottages will be pulled down; except one or two of the best perhaps, that they'll keep for the Asylum servants."

But the "comfort" contained in the latter half of his sentence fell on deaf ears. Sarah Lake, engrossed by the

agonizing thought that they would have to leave their land and cottage, turned into her house, entirely forgetful of the young man, who, telling the boy to place his empty mug on the window-sill, resumed his work.

Sarah sat down in her straight-backed chair beside the fireless grate. Her light blue eyes, beginning to be veiled by the impalpable film where-with age quenches the fire that lights up youth, stared vacantly into space; her hands were laid awkwardly in her lap, which was still covered by the blue check working-apron that she usually laid aside when sitting down, and the horrible sentence "we must leave land and cottage" kept racing with dull persistence through her brain. Presently her thoughts cleared, arranged themselves; and she began to realize all that this dreadful change, this upheaval, would mean to them. The land was more than an allotment to Sarah and her husband; more than a spot hallowed by all the sweet remembrances of early married life; it was a barrier, a shield between them and the gaunt spectres Want and Dependence that make old age an Age of Terror for the poor. Week by week during the summer the produce of their holding—fruit, vegetables, butter, honey—had been carted by Mike, their donkey, to Campsey the market town, and the resulting gains jealously added to the growing hoard that was to keep them from the workhouse when James could no longer work for a master. Besides, with the garden they could have gone on earning indefinitely, far into the eventide of life—but it was all over now.

She sat there, staring with unseeing eyes at a shaft of yellow sunlight that had fallen slantwise through the door, till her husband came in to tea at six o'clock, oblivious of the fact that the fire was still unlighted, and that no preparations had been made for tea.

"Oh, you're home," she remarked dully. "Are you arly?"

"Arly? No; 'tis past six o'clock. When are we goin' to hev tea?"

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, starting up hurriedly, "I'd forgotten all about tea. I shorn't be long a-gettin' it ready."

With her usual capable precision she set to work, replying only in monosyllables to her husband's remarks, keeping back the dreadful information with her accustomed self-command, till, as she said to herself, "James had made a good tea."

She ate nothing herself, and to her husband's inquiries murmured indistinctly of headache. But when the meal was finished and James sat stroking the cat between the intervals of feeding it with some choice morsel, his wife remarked:

"I've heered some bad news to-day, James."

"Oh," he said quietly, "what is it?"

Perhaps the firm self-control that each possessed was the greatest bond of likeness between this couple who were outwardly so unlike. As she told her story, which, commonplace as it might be to the outside world, was to these old people the tragic uprooting of all they held dearest, he went on mechanically smoothing the cat's fur, though his withered hand trembled slightly, and the red had faded for a moment from his wrinkled cheeks.

"Well, well," he said patiently, with a touch of bitterness, "the land is theirs to do what they like w'l' it. We shell jest hev to do as we're bid, like other poor folks."

"We shall likely hev six months' notice, the man said this afternune; time to look about for another house," answered his wife, anxious to make the best of it to her husband.

"Empty housen are allus scarce round about here, as scarce as piebald sparrers; and if all the Lane folks are

wantin' housen too! Hows'ever, we must do the best we can, but 'twill be a bad day's work for us when we hev to go."

The six months' notice came at Michaelmas, to be carried into effect the following Lady-day. Seven other families had notice to quit at the same time, and, as James Lake had foretold, every empty house in that and the neighboring parish of Tofton could have been let twice over. In common with many others, they had been obliged to arrange for a temporary refuge with relatives while they waited for their turn as the cottages became vacant.

It was a sad autumn and winter. Each crop they garnered reminded them sorrowfully that it was the last they would ever gather there; with grief they burnt the bee-hives, because no one in that desolated spot could be induced to take them, and Sarah Lake looked on with grim face and an aching heart as the dealer in second-hand furniture from Campsey carried away the horsehair sofa that after many years of married life had been proudly added to the furniture of their roomy kitchen. That, and many other cherished household goods, had to go because they would have to lodge with Mrs. Nelson for a while—months, or even years it might be, before they could secure a cottage—and her small rooms and shed could only store a portion of the Lakes' belongings.

It was a bitter day at the end of March when James and Sarah Lake said a final good-bye to their old home. A cutting east wind had brought with it a black, bone-searching frost, and Mike, the gray donkey, flicked his long ears and stamped with his fore-hoofs as he waited with the stolid patience of his kind at the little front gate while numerous odd parcels were packed in the cart.

"Where's Tony?" asked Mrs. Lake of her husband. "P'raps he'd like a drink o' milk afore I put him in the basket."

"Don't you bother about Tony, I'll see a'fter him," answered her husband, who, in his round felt hat and Sunday velveteen coat, felt rather over-dressed to be doing much in the way of assisting.

"Werry well, I'll jest leave him to you; only mind you don't forget him."

"I shorn't do that, you may be werry sure," was his quiet reply.

The next half-hour was a busy one with Mrs. Lake, who, with precise method, went round to every part of the house and sheds to see that nothing was left behind. When she had satisfied herself that the smallest of their possessions had been removed, she put on her bonnet, wrapped her gray duffel shawl methodically around her gaunt figure, and locked the door behind her.

"James! James!" she called. "Are you ready?"

There was no answer. "Drat the man, wherever is he got to? I s'pose he's lookin' after Tony." She walked down to the big five-barred cart-gate and looked up the lane.

"Why, if that ain't James comin' from the road! I wonder where he's bin trapeesin' off to jest as we wanted to get away," she said to herself; and as he came nearer she asked sharply,

"Wherever have you bin, James? Everything is in the cart, an' I shouldn't wonder if the dickey worn't half perished, standin' so long i' the cold."

James looked up wearily for an instant without speaking, and then followed her into the garden.

"Is it Tony you've bin after?" she asked, her voice still sharp with the annoyance that the grief of parting and the irritating cold were producing between them.

"Yes, I've bin after Tony," he answered slowly in a dreary monotone.

"Well, where is he? Can't you find him?"

"No, Sairy," said the old man, "we shan't never find him no more. I took him through Bate's Cranely to the river and—" (his voice broke a little)—"I—I put him out o' the way."

"What do you mean?" she asked in alarm. "You don't mean to tell me you've drownded him."

"Yes, missus," he answered with a sad decision, "that's what I ha' done. I drownded him."

"Drownded Tony!" exclaimed Sarah. "However could you? Whatever wor you a thinkin' of?"

"Well, I don't want to hurt your feelin's, but I shouldn't ha' liked him to live under the same roof as your sister Mary. She's sour as a crab, that's what she is, as sour as a crab. She couldn't ha' bin kind to him, 'taint in her natur; an' suner 'an see him ill-treated wi' sly kicks an' the like, I thought 'twould come easier for me to get rid of him myself. But there, Sairy bor, I never done sech a hard day's work i' my life. I cried like a child when the pore dumb thing looked up at me an' mewed, an' tried to get away; from me that wouldn't ha' harmed him for the world . . . only he didn't know . . . an' I felt jest like a murderer . . ."

Large tears were coursing down Sarah's tanned cheeks as she said brokenly.

"He was a butiful cat; sech a good faithful crittur. But there, James bor, 'tis no use frettin'; p'raps when we get to a house of our own agin we might happen on another one like him."

"No," answered her husband, with a world of regret in his voice, "we shall never find pore Tony's like agin—an—an' we shall never keep another cat!"

Jaye Garry.

WEIGHING A WORLD.

Science, "the great measurer," is forever busy with scales, weights, and measuring-tape. Directly it was settled that the world is round, we find the Alexandrian astronomers attempting to measure its circumference. Hardly had Newton formed his theory of gravitation before his mind was full of schemes for "weighing the earth." From the moment when the modern atomic hypothesis was accepted, and indeed even before, Dalton and his colleagues were as busy as bees trying to weigh invisible, nay, hypothetical, atoms and molecules. And the very discovery of the "electrons" or "corpuscles" in Sir William Crookes's vacuum tubes may almost be said to have consisted in attempts to compare their masses with those of the lightest particles previously known—atoms of hydrogen. Nothing seems too difficult. The weight of the earth, the weight of an atom, the velocity of light—nay, the speed of thought itself, or, at least, the speed with which thought can be translated into action—all these and a thousand other quantities have been brought by science within the compass of her measuring instruments, their values ascertained, stated in familiar terms, and placed, gratis, at the service of man.

Perhaps some of the readers of the "Cornhill" may feel disposed to take a peep into the machinery employed to accomplish the tremendous task of weighing a world? If so, I must ask them, first, to consider this question:

What do we mean by "the weight of the earth"?

When we speak of the weight of such an object as a lump of coal, we mean, of course, the pull of the earth upon that piece of coal; and the quantity of coal we call a pound is that quantity

which is pulled to the earth with a force just equal to the force that pulls a particular piece of platinum, marked "P.S. 1844 1 lb.," and called the "Imperial Avoirdupois Pound," which is kept at the Standards Office in Westminster.

Now it is clear that the earth, as a whole, cannot pull itself to itself. Every particle of it in every direction must pull every other particle, with the result that there is a state of equilibrium and no pull; and thus, in the everyday sense of the term, the earth has no weight at all.

But we all know that though when we weigh bodies we may seem merely to measure the pull of the earth upon them, we not only learn the strength of this pull, but also measure what Newton called "the quantity of matter in them," or, as we say to-day, "their masses." For it has been shown by Newton that at any given point on its surface the earth's pull on an object is proportional to the mass of the object, and quite independent of all such qualities or considerations as its shape or position, whether it is a solid, a liquid, or a gas, and also, as Lavoisier has taught us, independent of its chemical constitution; this being, of course, only a particular case of Newton's law of gravitation, which tells us that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which depends on their masses and on the distances which separate them; the attraction being proportionately greater between large masses than between small masses, increasing when the masses are brought closer to one another, and decreasing as they recede, in such a manner that if the distances between the centres of two spheres be doubled, then the attraction between

them is reduced to one-quarter of its original strength.

Returning now to our question, we see that the process familiarly termed "weighing the earth" consists really in measuring the quantity of matter the earth is made of, or, in modern terms, in determining its mass.

Although we cannot even imagine ourselves balancing the earth on a pair of scales against a set of weights, some other way of attacking the problem which is not altogether beyond the range of the imagination may occur to the reader, and help him to grasp its nature and difficulty.

We know, for example, that the diameter of the earth is about 8,000 miles, and we know how to calculate the approximate volume of a sphere when we have measured its diameter. Why, then, should we not calculate the volume of the earth in cubic feet, find the mass of a cubic foot of it in pounds by weighing samples, finally multiply these two quantities, and so determine its mass in pounds? It would not be very difficult to perform these simple operations, but, unfortunately, even if we neglect the irregularity of the earth's surface, there are still some fatal objections. The masses of equal volumes of rock taken from different parts of the earth's crust vary considerably; and, further, even if this were not so, we have no means of getting samples of the material of which the earth is made except by scratching its outer skin, and it would by no means be safe to assume that the average weight of each cubic foot of the rocks which exist below, out of our reach, is the same as the average weight of each cubic foot of the rocks which are familiar to us on its surface. Still, the general idea of the problem presented in the form of this faulty proposal is not unhelpful. It simplifies the matter considerably. We know the volume of the earth more or less

closely, therefore all we have to do is to find its "mean density"—to find, that is, what proportion the mass of the earth bears to the mass of a globe of water of equal size. When this is done, since every cubic foot of water weighs about 62½ lbs., we can easily calculate the weight of the earth in the ordinary sense of the term, and state it in pounds or tons, in grams or kilograms, as we may desire.

The process of "weighing the earth," then, may be said to consist in finding its mean density, water, which is said to have the density 1, being taken as the standard substance. Thus stated, the problem seems easy enough, but the solution of this simple problem has occupied the thoughts of many master minds, and taxed to their utmost the powers of many great experimenters from the days of Newton.

It is true that, by taking the earth as their standard, astronomers have been able to draw up a table of densities for the heavenly bodies, from which we learn that the mean density of the sun is about one-fourth as great as that of our globe, that of Venus and Mars about nine-tenths as great, that of Mercury one and a quarter times greater, and so on. But this, though sufficient for many purposes, fails to give us such a clear idea of the matter as we get when we can think of our quantities in familiar terrestrial standards such as the gram or the pound; and so it is necessary to connect the celestial scale of densities, in which the earth is made the standard, with one of the more familiar terrestrial scales. The first attempt to do this was made by Newton. This attempt was a mere estimate—in fact, a guess. I give it in full in his own words, as translated by Motte:

But that our globe of earth is of greater density than it would be if the whole consisted of water only, I thus make out. If the whole consisted of

water only, whatever was of less density than water, because of its less specific gravity, would emerge and float above. And upon this account, if a globe of terrestrial matter, covered on all sides with water, was less dense than water, it would emerge somewhere; and the subsiding water falling back would be gathered to the opposite side. And such is the condition of our earth, which, in a great measure, is covered with seas. The earth, if it was not for its greater density, would emerge from the seas, and, according to its degree of levity, would be raised more or less above their surface, the water and the seas flowing backwards to the opposite side. By the same argument, the spots of the sun which float upon the lucid matter thereof are lighter than that matter. And however the planets have been formed while they were yet in fluid masses, all the heavier matter subsided to the centre. Since, therefore, the common matter of our earth on the surface thereof is about twice as heavy as water, and, a little lower, in mines, is found about three or four or even five times more heavy; it is probable that the quantity of the whole matter of the earth may be five or six times greater than if it consisted all of water, especially since I have before showed that the earth is about four times more dense than Jupiter.

Newton's guess, curiously enough, hits the limits between which the values subsequently fixed by experiments are mostly to be found.

In practice, all the methods of weighing the earth resolve themselves into experiments in which we measure the attraction between two bodies having known masses placed at a known distance from each other on the earth's surface, and then compare this with the attraction of the earth on some known mass of matter, also on its surface. The following illustration, taken from a lecture by Professor J. H. Poynting, will make the idea clearer:

Suppose you hang a weight of 50 lbs. from a spring balance a few feet above

the earth. Then the pull of the earth, whose centre is about 4,000 miles or 20,000,000 feet away, is 50 lbs. Now suppose you bring a second weight, this time, let us say, a weight of 350 lbs., to a position one foot from the first one, and between the latter and the earth, so that its pull is added to that of the earth. Then, if your balance is sufficiently sensitive, you will find the smaller mass no longer weighs 50 lbs., but a little more—in fact, about $\frac{1}{175}$ of a grain more—that is to say, the pull of the 350-lb. weight at the distance of a foot is equal to the $\frac{1}{175}$ of a grain, or $\frac{1}{175,000,000}$ of 1 lb., or the pull of the earth at a distance of 20,000,000 feet is about ninety million times as great as that of a sphere of 350 lbs. at one foot, for

$$1,750,000 \times 50 = 87,500,000.$$

If the earth could be placed at an average distance of one foot from the 50-lb. weight, instead of at a distance of 20,000,000 feet, its pull would be proportionately greater—viz. about four hundred billion times greater, so that at equal distances the pull of the earth would be four hundred billion times ninety million times that of a 350-lb. sphere. But, as already explained, at equal distances these pulls are proportional to the masses concerned, and thus, by doing a little more arithmetic, we should find that the earth weighs about 12,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 lbs. Finally, if we calculate the mean density of the earth from these figures and from its volume, which can be deduced from its diameter, we find that its mass is about five and a half times as great as that of an equal volume of water, or, to use the technical term, that the "mean density" of the earth is five and a half times as great as that of water. This, however, is only the result of an imaginary experiment. The real thing, though similar in principle, is far more complicated, as will easily

be understood when I mention that a determination of the density of the earth carried out with due precautions to eliminate all sources of error may occupy several years, and that in some cases the necessary operations are of so delicate a character that the mere passage of railway trains in the neighborhood of the apparatus may be a serious source of trouble. Indeed, on one occasion Professor Boys, when working at Oxford, was stopped by an earthquake which occurred thousands of miles away, and was, I believe, only detected in this part of the world through the circumstance that Professor Boys was weighing the earth when the wave reached these regions.

The actual objects whose attractions have been observed in attempts to weigh the earth have varied very widely.

The earliest observers studied the attractions of mountains on objects brought near them; Professor Boys those of small metallic spheres, the largest of which were only four and a half inches, and the smallest one-fourth of an inch in diameter. The methods employed divide themselves into three or four groups.

First come experiments in which the attraction of a mountain or some natural object, such as a zone of known thickness of the upper crust of the earth, is compared with that of the earth as a whole.

Secondly, the famous "Cavendish experiment," in which the attractions between metallic masses quite small in size are investigated by means of what is known as a torsion balance.

And, thirdly, researches in which common but very delicate scales and weights are employed. Some very beautiful experiments falling within this last class were made a few years ago at what was then the Mason College, Birmingham, by Professor Poynting, on whose publications on the sub-

ject of the weight of the earth this article is very largely based.

And now, after all these preliminary remarks to clear the way, we come to the real thing, to the actual experiments made for the purpose of weighing the earth, from the time of Newton, who inspired all this work, in which our fellow-countrymen have always played a conspicuous and successful part, till to-day.

We have learnt from the preceding pages that astronomers have succeeded in comparing the densities of various heavenly bodies by means of astronomical observations, and have drawn up tables stating their results in terms of the density of the earth, but that if we wish to get out our results in earthly measures, such as ounces or grams, we must descend from the stars, and compare, for example, the pull of the earth on some object on its surface with the pull of some measurable mass on the same object. All this, of course, was very well understood by Newton, who saw, further, that the power of a mountain to deflect a plumb-line might be employed; unfortunately, he concluded that the effect would be too small to measure, which, indeed, may possibly have been true at that time. Newton also investigated the possibility of measuring the attraction between large spheres, and calculated how long it would take a sphere one foot in diameter, and of equal density with the earth, to draw a second sphere, of the same dimensions and equal density, placed a quarter of an inch away, across this interval of a quarter of an inch. Through a mistake in his arithmetic, he found the required time to be about a month, which is vastly more than the few minutes that would really be needed, and as such a rate of motion was utterly beyond measurement, he confined himself to making the celebrated guess mentioned above. But not

very long afterwards both these meth-

ods were put to the test of experiment with a considerable degree of success.

Some doubt is said to exist as to whether Newton was the real author of this mistake, but, as Professor Poynting remarked in a lecture at the Royal Institution a few years ago, there is something not altogether unpleasing in the belief that even Newton could make a mistake. His faulty arithmetic showed that there was, at any rate, one quality which he shared with his fallible fellow-men.

When the attractive force of a mountain is to be studied, the experiment, in its simplest form, is somewhat as follows: A weight hanging at the end of a thread—that is, a plumb-line more or less similar to the plumb-line employed by a mason, but far more sensitive and provided with more exact means of measurement—is placed first in some suitable position not too far away from the mountain, but well out of the range of its attraction, and its position noted on a scale of divisions when it hangs freely suspended, and, therefore, perpendicular to the earth's surface. The plumb-line is then brought up as close as may be to one side of the mountain. When this is done the plumb-line is found to be drawn a little to one side of its previous line of suspension—that is to say, a little out of the perpendicular and towards the mountain. The amount of this displacement is measured on the scale of divisions, and the length of the plumb-line is also measured. From these data the astronomer can calculate the ratio of the horizontal pull of the mountain to the pull of the earth.

Finally, the mountain is most carefully surveyed, and the densities of pieces of the rock of which it is composed are measured. Knowing these densities and the volume of the mountain we can estimate the mass of the mountain in pounds or kilograms, according to the system selected; and

when this is done we know the mass of the mountain, the pull of the mountain, the pull of the earth, and their distances, and from these, knowing the law of gravitation, quoted above, we can deduce the other quantity involved, the mass of the earth.

The first investigator to actually determine the mean density of the earth by this method was M. Bouguer, who was a member of one of two scientific commissions sent out by France about 1740 to measure the lengths of degrees of latitude in Peru and Lapland—that is, at points near to and remote from the equator—in order to settle finally the shape of the earth, whether it is flattened at the poles, as Newton supposed, or drawn out, as had then lately been suggested. The members of these commissions, which, by the way, settled the question in favor of Newton's views, did not confine themselves to investigating the shape of the earth; and M. Bouguer, in particular, seized the opportunity of testing the "mountain mass method" of weighing the earth thus afforded him by his visit to the great mountains of the Andes. M. Bouguer made two distinct sets of measurements. In the first he studied the swing of a pendulum at the sea-level, then at a point 10,000 feet higher, on the great plateau on which Quito stands, and, finally, on the top of Pichincha, which is about 6,000 feet above Quito. He knew that if a pendulum were lifted to a great height above a wide plain or over the open sea, say, for example, by means of a balloon, its swing would gradually grow slower as gravity decreased at the higher levels; and he calculated from the swing of his pendulum at Quito that gravity there was greater than the calculated amount for the height at which he worked, owing to the down pull of the great tableland beneath him.

Bouguer's second set of observations

was made near Chimborazo, a mountain 20,000 feet high, by the plumb-line method as described in outline above, only in a far more refined form. His difficulties were very great, for he was obliged to work above the line of perpetual snow. His labors began with a troublesome and even perilous journey of many hours over rocks and snow-fields, and when the site selected for the first set of observations was reached he had to fight against snowfalls, which threatened to bury the instruments, the tents, and even the observers themselves. At the second station, which was below the snow-line, he hoped for better conditions; but here he encountered gales of wind, and it was still so cold as to hinder the working of his instruments. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the results obtained were, as Bouguer himself recognized, of little permanent scientific value. The cause for wonder was that he got any results at all. But his time and labors were not wasted. His observations proved that the earth, as a whole, is denser than the mountains upon it; that it is not a mere hollow shell, as some people in those days still supposed, nor yet a hollow globe filled with water, as others had insisted. Besides, he had broken new ground, and before very long his experiments were repeated under more favorable conditions and with better results.

The next experiment by the mountain-mass method was made in the neighborhood of Schiehallion, in Perthshire, thirty years later, under the auspices of the Royal Society, who, at the instance of Maskelyne, then Astronomer Royal, appointed "a committee to consider of a proper hill whereon to try the experiment, and to prepare everything necessary for carrying the design into execution."

A few years ago the inhabitants of a certain remote island were considerably

excited by the absurd proceedings of a party of visitors to their shores, who did many things which seemed stupid, not to use a stronger term, to the islanders, and at length lost the last vestiges of their respect by boiling water in tin pots on a mountain top in order to find out how high the mountain was. I have sometimes wondered what the hard-headed natives of Perthshire can have thought of the party of gentlemen who came to Schiehallion about the year 1774, and proceeded to watch plumb-lines hanging in the air, and to peep at stars through telescopes in order to discover the weight of the earth. But, be that as it may, after two months or so spent in observing, and two years more in surveying the mountain, making contour maps giving the volume and distance of every part of it from the two stations at which the observations of its attraction had been made—for Maskelyne did not follow the method of Bouguer exactly, but observed the attraction of the mountain from two opposite sides—and after determining the density of various fragments of the rock of which Schiehallion is composed, Maskelyne and his colleagues came to the conclusion that the mean density of the earth must be four and a half times that of water—that is, that the earth must contain four and a half times as much matter as a globe of water of its own size, or, again, that its mass must be equal to that of a globe of water four and a half times as big as the earth. This value was presently raised to five, as the result of further determinations of the density of the rock, and we have every reason to suppose that this latter value is not very far from the truth.

I should tire my reader were I to go further into this part of our subject and describe one by one the various experiments following more or less similar lines that have been made since the completion of Maskelyne's

celebrated experiments. Moreover, interesting and ingenious as these experiments were, all were vitiated by a fatal defect. The accuracy of the conclusions reached depends in every case on two chief points. First, correct measurements of the attractive forces of the mountain masses studied are necessary, and this, doubtless, was attained in many if not in every one of the various investigations. Secondly, a fairly correct knowledge of the density of the rocks forming the mountains is required, and here the experiments in every case break down. We cannot learn with certainty the true mean densities of the rocks forming a mountain; at the best we can only make rough guesses at them. Consequently, of late years the attention of astronomers has been turned to the other methods to which I have alluded. These, though equally difficult to carry out, are not subject to this fatal objection. I may point out, however, before we proceed, that it would be quite reasonable, now the weight of the earth has been fixed by these other and sounder methods, to turn the above experiment about and apply the results obtained to the complementary problem of "weighing mountains."

"Of all experiments," exclaimed Professor Boys, a few years ago, in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution, "the one which has most excited my admiration is the famous experiment of Cavendish." For this method of weighing the earth no costly expeditions to distant mountains, and no elaborate surveys requiring years for their performance are demanded. For the "Cavendish experiment," in fact, nothing is wanted but a few bits of wire, some strips of wood, balls of metal, and a case to protect the apparatus from "the wind," as Cavendish expressed it. If you possess these and certain other similar trifles, and if you possess, also, the genius for experi-

menting of a Cavendish or of a Boys, you can weigh the earth. If, in addition, you possess one of the wonderful silica threads discovered a few years ago by Professor Boys, you can construct an apparatus hardly too big to go inside a man's hat-box, with which you may do the thing to a nicety.

That great though most eccentric man, the Honorable Henry Cavendish, was, as I have said, the first to carry out in a laboratory the operation of weighing the earth, but the actual originator of the Cavendish experiment was the Rev. John Michell, who constructed the necessary apparatus, but died before he had an opportunity of testing the value of his ideas by making an experiment. After Mr. Michell's death his apparatus passed into the hands of Dr. Wollaston, and he handed it on to Mr. Cavendish, who, after making some modifications, performed the first "Cavendish experiment" in 1797-98. Cavendish found the mean density of the earth to be 5.45 times that of water, and we may take it that this was the first really trustworthy measurement. The experiment, in outline, was as follows:

Two equal balls of lead, each two inches in diameter, were attached to the remote ends of a light wooden rod six feet long, which was suspended horizontally at its centre, by means of a wire forty inches long, inside a narrow wooden case to protect it from draughts. Outside the case two much more massive balls, also of lead, twelve inches in diameter, were suspended by rods from a beam, which worked on a pivot. This pivot was placed above the wire by which the rod carrying the small balls was suspended, so that the large balls could be swung at will into various positions outside the case. For example, they could be placed transversely by putting the two beams at right angles to one another, or brought close up to the smaller balls,

one large ball to each small ball, on opposite sides of the case. The movements of the ends of the light rod within the case were measured by means of divided scales provided for the purpose, which were viewed from a distance through telescopes. In making an experiment the two large balls were brought up close to the two small balls, one large ball to each small ball, on opposite sides, so that the latter were pulled in opposite directions. This set the ends of the light beam swinging about a centre which could be determined by observing the range of successive swings by means of the divided scales. The large balls were then carried round to the opposite sides of the case, and brought close up to the small ones as before. The result of this was, of course, that the directions of the pulls upon the latter were reversed. The centre of swing was again determined, and it was found not to be the same as before. Many corrections had to be introduced, and so the working out of the results was not very simple, but they show that the earth has a mean density of 5.45. The Cavendish experiment has often been repeated, and Baily (a London stock-broker by profession) performed no fewer than two thousand one hundred and fifty-three of these delicate experiments in his laboratory at Tavistock Place between the years 1738 and 1742, obtaining the value 5.66.

The Cavendish experiment, as I have said, has often been repeated, with various improvements, but never in a very much more perfect form till a few years ago; and in the interval Professor Poynting and others have succeeded in weighing the earth by means of common scales and weights. The experiment, in Professor Poynting's hands, consisted in hanging two 50-lb. weights to the opposite sides of a large, strong balance placed inside a suitable case; measuring the effect of bringing

a large mass of metal, 350 lbs., under one of the 50-lb. weights, which increases the pull upon it to a measurable extent, and then transferring the large weight to the other side of the balance so that its pull upon the other 50-lb. weight could also be measured. The changes to be observed, of course, were extremely small, mere fractions of a milligram, in fact, and all sorts of precautions had to be taken to avoid the disturbing effects of draughts and other causes of error. The balance was placed in a cellar, and observed by means of a telescope through a small hole in the ceiling from the room above it. So delicate was the apparatus that if any one walked about the house when Professor Poynting was at work he was unable to make an observation, on account of the quivering of a mirror attached to the balance to enable him to observe the reflection of a scale through the telescope; and when this difficulty was overcome by placing the instrument on great blocks of india-rubber, and the balance had worked well for a whole year, it began to go wrong one day owing to the floor of the cellar tilting whenever he moved the large weight from one side of the balance to the other. The tilt was so slight that had the floor been ten miles long one end of it would only have been raised one inch higher than the other end ten miles away, and yet this minute disturbance very seriously affected his observations. These are only a few of the difficulties encountered, but gradually they were overcome, and the density of the earth was found to be 5.493. Professor Poynting indicates the minute effect produced by the movements of the 350-lb. weight by the following apt illustration:

Suppose all the inhabitants of the British Isles, say 40,000,000 persons, were placed in one pan of a gigantic pair of scales, and that they were

counterpoised by weights, do you think the addition of one middle-sized boy to the population of the scale pan would seem to make much difference to a man who was weighing them? That is the sort of difference that had to be measured—a difference of one part in seventy or eighty million parts. It will give a still better idea of the degree of perfection to which the art of weighing was brought by Professor Poynting if I add that the degree of accuracy was such as would be required, in this imaginary experiment, to detect whether or no the boy had both his boots on.

But splendid as this work was, the high-water mark was reached, perhaps, by Professor Boys in a recent repetition of the Cavendish experiment. Cavendish, as I have said, suspended the beam of his "torsion balance," as such an instrument as that used by Cavendish is called, by means of a fine wire, and the accuracy of his results depended on the elasticity of this wire. Now, unfortunately, metallic wires are not perfectly elastic, and when frequently used are subject to "fatigue"; and so there was a defect in the experiment, which remained uncorrected until a few years ago, when Professor Boys discovered how to produce threads not liable to this fault. These astonishing threads, which were made of melted quartz, are finer by far than the finest wire—so fine, in fact, that a single grain of sand spun into one of them might yield a thread a thousand miles long; moreover, they surpass

steel in strength, and are marvellously elastic. Armed with quartz threads Mr. Boys was able to reduce the size of the Cavendish apparatus, and at the same time greatly to increase its sensibility. This and great personal skill enabled him to make what is probably the best measurement yet obtained of the earth's mean density—viz. 5.5270.

And so we find that the work of Maskelyne, the work of Cavendish, the work of Poynting, that of Boys, and, indeed, that of half a score others about whom I have said nothing, supports, almost without an exception, Newton's guess at the weight of the earth.

We are often told that we live in a material age, that the days of chivalry are gone, and that even science devotes herself to-day to the merely useful, and is too apt to neglect the search after abstract truth. Perhaps this incomplete recital of the progress of a great research during a period of nearly two centuries, including as it does some splendid contributions which have been made within quite recent years, may serve as a reminder that though science reveals herself to many of us chiefly through her more obviously useful and profitable discoveries and inventions, yet those who look for them will still find among us not a few men as ready as any of their predecessors to devote days and nights to hard labor for no other fee than the hope of discovering a new truth, overthrowing an ancient error, or extending in some other way the boundaries of knowledge.

The Cornhill Magazine.

W. A. Shenstone.

THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sir William Roden received Lady Marlowe with much ceremony and distinction. Antonio, her forerunner, did not find the castle unprepared. Dame Kate, who acted as housekeeper and by right of age and experience ruled over the maids, had unlocked cupboards where household treasures had been packed away since the deaths of John Roden and his young wife. During the short time they lived at Ruddiford a kind of luxury had reigned which was quite foreign to Sir William's more simple and old-world nature,—embroidered hangings, silken cushions stuffed with lavender, silver plate, vessels of glass powdered or spotted with gold; and for my Lady's chamber silk curtains and counterpanes, feather-beds, down pillows, blankets in plenty and sheets of fine linen. Casks of foreign wine were broached; strong ale flowed like water for all who came; the larder was stocked with meat and poultry from the farms and fish from the Ruddy. The servants, lazy with long idleness, ran hither and thither; any one who shirked work now might fear a clout over the head from Dame Kate's distaff, or a shoe thrown after him to hurry him on his way.

And so this second company with the Marlowe colors came winding over the bridge that February evening, but no fair girl's figure leaned from the castle window to watch and welcome the entry of Isabel and her son. A great shyness and dread had seized on Margaret, and she kept herself, so long as possible, shut up in her own rooms. There was no doubt in her mind that Harry must, by letter or message, wherever he might be, have explained matters to his step-mother; of that

there could be no doubt at all, with one terrible condition, if he still lived. For she could not resist the suspicion of foul play which had preyed upon her since his sudden and strange disappearance. That he had changed his mind and forgotten her was impossible. When little Simon Toste, who visited her by Sir William's orders and prescribed drugs and potions (himself without an ounce of faith in them), dared to hint at this explanation, Meg fell upon him and hustled him out of the room, calling him in plain words liar and slanderer. He went away discomfited, but came back the next morning, for he loved the girl, and three honest hearts, his own, his brother Timothy's, and Sir Thomas the Vicar's, were well-nigh broken by the sight of her misery.

Yes, Meg told herself, my Lady knew all, as well from Harry as from her grandfather's letters. She would not therefore dream of pursuing the old plans, of setting forward the marriage with her own son. Foolish gossips might talk, but surely my Lady was noble and kind, else how would Harry's father have married her? So Meg sternly assured herself; yet the misgivings that troubled her were at their height when a blast of trumpets announced my Lady's arrival. Oh, if she and her son would but have stayed away in the south, and left a poor maid to bear life as she could till Lord Marlowe's return!

The first sight of the dreaded guests was not alarming. Sir William, for his part, was enchanted with my Lady. Splendidly handsome and dignified in her black velvet robes, her grave stateliness was now and then relieved by the bright flash of a smile. Richard, in gay colors, the picture of youth and

gayety, was a delightful object at which all the castle people stared open-mouthed. The very sight of him was a relief to Meg. He kissed her hand and looked up in her face with a laugh, as much as to say, "Fear nothing from me, sweet sister." My Lady received Meg's reverence without much expression of any kind, looking upon her gravely, and with the slightest lifting of the brows. "Is this the face that drove away poor Harry's few wits?" might have been the thought in her Ladyship's mind; and indeed Meg's young loveliness had suffered from the mental agony of those six weeks.

The talk at supper was entirely between Sir William Roden and Lady Marlowe, the rest of the company keeping silence, except with their eyes. Antonio's never left Margaret, except for an occasional glance at Isabel, who never once looked towards him. Dick's roving glances found a pleasant object in the sunny looks and faircurls of Alice Tilney, who was not afraid to pay him back in the same coin. Meg's lowered eyelids were lifted for no man.

After supper Antonio helped his old master back to his own room, and with low bows left him and Lady Marlowe together, their chairs on either side of the great chimney.

"Be not far off, Tony, in case I want thee—but no eavesdropping, rascal," said Sir William.

Antonio laughed and went, not so quickly but that he heard the old man say to my Lady: "A clever dog that, a legacy from my son John, who brought him, a little lad, from Italy, picked him up in the street, a beggar foundling. He is of vast use to me. I hope he hath in no way displeased your Ladyship."

"Far from it, Sir William," was the grave reply. "I have found him very capable and well-mannered."

Antonio ran down the stairs smiling, but for all that his teeth were set on

edge. There was now a burst of talk below in the hall, where some of the men-at-arms had trooped in and were tossing off ale in silver goblets. The women were gone. Young Dick Marlowe stood whistling, looking on at the scene.

"Here, Italian," he said, as he would have called a dog. "Who was that pretty lady on Mistress Roden's left hand? Not a waiting-maid, sure? She looked well born. Come, you know,—white neck and pink cheeks of Nature's painting—no plastering there, —blue eyes that can laugh back at a man and understand without the need of words—eh? Who is she?"

"That lady, Sir," Antonio answered, "is Mistress Alice Tilney, Mistress Roden's companion and friend."

"Ha! On my life, she's the prettiest maid of the two. Well born, then?"

"There is no older name in the Midlands than Tilney of King's Hall."

"I thought as much."

Dick turned abruptly away, and Antonio, after a moment's hesitation, slipped up the stairs again and turned along a gallery which led to one of the lower towers, and through this, by two doors and a passage in the thickness of the wall, out into a garden on the southern ramparts of the castle. On this garden, bright in summer with red roses, when the view of the river and meadow and distant forest was green and gay, the windows of Mistress Margaret's own rooms looked down; but they did not overlook it all, one part being screened from sight by the jutting buttresses of the tower.

Here, on this first night of his return, Antonio had a tryst with Alice Tilney; and though the evening was dark and chilly and full of creeping mist from the water, he knew she would keep it faithfully.

She was there indeed before him, and this time she had no reason to complain of his coldness; the sudden flame of

passionate excitement with which he seized and kissed her was something new.

"Ah, Tonio, but I thought you were never coming back!" sighed the girl. "What kept you so long away?"

"I had to wait as long as it pleased her Ladyship. Do you know, my Alice,—" he drew her down, holding her fast, on a stone seat under the great walls—"do you know that you are the loveliest woman here,—lovelier than Meg herself?"

"Do you know, Signor, that you are the greatest flatterer?"

Antonio laughed. "It was not I that said it. Though I love you well, little Alice, I do not care to tell you lies."

The girl, at first blushing with pleasure, began to pout and to push him away. "Who said it then?"

"Master Richard Marlowe, the Popinjay. I thought him a fool for his pains; but 'tis nis way to blprt out anything he should keep to himself."

Alice's ready smile had returned; she was not displeased by Dick's admiration. "Well," she said, "if I am the prettiest woman,—'tis not true, I know, but you should not be the one to tell me so—ah, gently, rude wretch!" as her lover's caresses became a little too eager. "Let me speak. If I am the prettiest woman, Master Marlowe is the handsomest man. I never liked a fair man before, but his figure, his dress, his smile, those talking eyes of his—ah, Antonio!"

"Enough of his praises. Let me hear more, and I'll kiss you to death, and stick my dagger into him."

"No, no, you must keep him alive for Meg, if she is to have him. If only it were I,—I should easily choose between him and that crazy lord with his long brown visage. But, Tonio, she is breaking her heart for him. Sometimes I can hardly refrain from telling her—"

"Peace!—that you dare not do."

"No; I should be slain twice over. But is that what my Lady means to do with Meg, to marry her to this worshipful Popinjay? What will my poor Jasper do?"

"Ay, and it is what she meant all along. Listen, and I'll tell you. It was as I guessed; my Lord had a fancy to take the prize for himself, instead of giving it to his brother. But now it seems Master Dick will win the race after all,—at least, my Lady means it, and mind you, Alice, my Lady is a greater queen than ever Queen Margaret was or will be."

"Her face frightens me," the girl said. "But go on, Tonio; tell me about Swanlea and all you did there."

He laughed queerly. "Another time, child; now listen, and obey me. If it pleases Dick Marlowe to praise your sweet face, or even to make love to you, do not answer him roughly. Draw him on, play with him, use all your pretty tricks; I give you full leave and license. Well, why do you not answer? 'Tis no unkindness to Meg, and I will take care of myself, I promise you."

His instinct, even in the dark, told him that Alice was both puzzled and offended. She was by nature an honest girl, and if, for her misfortune, she had found him irresistible, it was not her way to waste favors on every man who admired her. Her brother's Fellowship knew that.

"I do not understand you," she said slowly. "At least, if I do," for he laughed, "I must have some reason for it. Why do you wish me to play with this boy's fancy, you, who say you love me? Are these the ways you have picked up among the great, for they are not those of Ruddiford or King's Hall. One love is enough for us here, Tonio."

"Foolish girl," he said, more kindly. "Well, 'tis true, I ask you to behave as any great lady might, to further her

own or her family's ends. You will not harm yourself; are you afraid of harming the innocent boy, Dick Marlowe?"

Again Alice paused a moment before she answered: "He has a sweet countenance, and for worlds I would not hurt him. Make me understand you, Tonio; what ends of yours shall I further by doing this?"

Antonio was angry, for the question was not easy to answer, and it was the first time that Alice, his willing slave, had not accepted his commands without question. But his clever brain did not fail him. "'Tis not for my sake," he said, "but for Jasper's. Maybe you do not know of his last exploit?"

"Few things that Jasper does are hidden from me," Alice said and sighed. "How can I serve him by any commerce with a Marlowe? He would be ready to kill both you and me if he knew all that we know. And if this young man offered me his love, without any talk of marriage, which would be impossible—"

"I do not know why," Antonio muttered, so low that she hardly caught the words. "Sweetheart," he said aloud, "you take all this too seriously. At least, you can see that any passing fancy which draws away a hopeful suitor of Mistress Meg's must advantage Jasper. But truly 'twas not that I meant, for Jasper has offended Sir William, and Meg herself likes him not. I meant that a friend among the Marlowes would be useful to him, when he comes to give an account of their chief he has imprisoned, their men he has hunted and slain, their money and goods he has taken. What of Lord Marlowe's troop, Alice? Two of them, starving and wounded, joined us on our journey here."

"It was not Jasper's doing," the girl cried. "It was that wicked Leonard, who is his evil angel. And as to the

taking my Lord himself—is it you, *you*, who dare blame Jasper for that?"

Antonio laughed. "Jasper is a fool, with his blundering Fellowship. He will make the country too hot to hold him. My Lady Marlowe is not a woman to be played with, and so we shall one and all find. Take my counsel, make a friend of Dick the Popinjay. And now, time's flying,—kiss me, pretty sweet, and tell me how the days dragged with you while I was away. Tell me of poor Meg, too. By St. Anthony and his devils, do you know that she has spoilt her beauty with pining for Mad Marlowe?"

While her Ladyship's new favorite was thus amusing himself and entertaining Alice Tilney, she and Sir William Roden were talking by the fireside, with perfect openness on one side and the appearance of it on the other. Isabel had a talent for suiting her talk and manners to her company. It seemed to Sir William that she was the very woman he had pictured to himself his old friend's wife must be, and he thought more scorn than ever of the warnings the Ruddiford busy-bodies had given him, and plumed himself on his wisdom and penetration in trusting to my Lady.

They talked politics a little, not going far, but far enough to settle Sir William's mind on that score. He was sure,—more from what she did not say than from what she said—that to call my Lady a Yorkist was to insult her. It appeared to him that she respected the traditions of her family, and this was enough for him. He told his story of Agincourt, and she smiled and asked questions about King Harry the Fifth and her husband in his young days. She knew Sir William's family history; she admired Ruddiford Castle, she praised the fine order of his house, the richness of his appointments. To herself she had wondered how it would be possible to pass even a few days in

this savage hole far from modern civilization, where the Middle Ages still reigned in all their barbarism; but she saw that the place was strong and could well be held for Edward, and she was sincere in thinking that her young Richard would find here no mean heritage.

Thus passed the first quarter of an hour of that interview. Sir William was at his best, happy and mild; his thin old hand stroked his white beard peacefully; his blue eyes, calm, confident, friendly, reposed on the still beautiful woman who sat upright in the chair opposite to him, her clear-cut face young and distinguished in the flattering light of the fire. Sir William himself had half forgotten, as he rambled on of old times and of his various possessions, the serious business that had brought my Lady to Ruddiford. She found it necessary, at last, to begin herself the subject of Lord Marlowe's strange conduct and disappearance.

"The old man is in his dotage," she said to herself. "Like his kind, he can only remember far-away things—Agincourt and such—battles fought before the world began. Antonio told me less than the truth of the old fool and his folly." Aloud, she made formal apology to Sir William for what Lord Marlowe had done, and explained to him her real wishes, and her amazement at finding in how strange a manner the embassy had failed.

"Ah, your Ladyship's ambassador lost his head," the old man said, smiling. "Your son Richard,—a handsome lad he is, truly—should have come himself to woo my Margaret. She is young, but Lord Marlowe was not the first man to be conquered by her lovely face. There's Jasper Tilney, a wild fellow whose estate borders mine, but I sent him packing, and the faster that Meg did not like him; she hath her fancies, this grandchild of mine."

"In my view," said Lady Marlowe a little dryly, "young men and maidens should have no say of their own in matters of marriage. These things must be arranged by the family, for the advantage of all."

"Surely, surely,—your Ladyship is right—my Meg is a spoilt wench, poor little maid. 'Twas altogether a misfortunate thing, that affair of Lord Marlowe. She set her obstinate heart upon him. I would, my Lady, you had seen it all. There sat my Lord—here stood Meg by my chair—"

Isabel waved her hand, smiling, but a little impatiently. "Sir William," she said, "the excellent Antonio, your secretary, did his best to set the thing before me."

"Ah, did he indeed? And he told you how at last it was his own doing—how my Lord, as Tony guessed, was torn between a sudden love for Meg and loyalty to his mission, and how Tony put the words into his mouth, as he was asking her hand for his brother, *Yourselves, my Lord!*"

A curious look came into the Baroness's face; it was half a smile, curling the lips away from the teeth, but the eyes narrowed unpleasantly. "He did not tell me," she murmured. "Master Antonio did that, and why?"

"Out of pure mischief," the Knight said, nodding wisely. "A small frolic with a great result, which vexed Tony as much as any of us. But after all, to my thinking, the thing was done without any word from Tony. 'Twas love, my Lady, sudden and desperate. I was wroth with my poor Meg, and spoke sharply to her, but when I found that her fine lover had changed his mind as quickly as he made it, and gone north without a word, I was sorry for the maid and scolded her no more. For it seemed to me that, saving your presence, certain gossips were right who had whispered to me—but your Ladyship is distracted?"

For Isabel was staring at the fire, and instead of listening to his talk, was muttering to herself with the same unpleasant smile.

"So,—'twas part of the truth after all,—and the question might have served,—not too late to punish by and by,—a dangerous path to cross is mine, pretty boy!"

Sir William's last words recalled her instantly, and with frank face and clear eyes she turned to him. "All this is past," she said. "Two things I have to say to you. First—it was your wish,—I understood that you had written it in your will—that I should have charge of Margaret, educate her suitably in my own house, protect her from unfitting suitors, marry her well. Your own life being uncertain,—though I trust you may see a venerable age—you wished to have a mind at ease as to your granddaughter. I am right, Sir William?"

"All that was indeed my wish," the old man said.

"Then I pray you to understand that this foolish business shall be to us,—to you and me—as if it had never been. I will accept the charge of Margaret, and I will marry her, as soon as may be, to the husband I chose for her on receiving your first letter, my son Richard Marlowe. As to my stepson, no woman has yet come between him and his Queen. He is a strange man, full of quips and turns of fancy, no mate for a fair young girl, such as your Margaret."

Macmillan's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES. THE CHAUFFEUR.

I.

Mrs. Adrian Armyne to her sister.
(Extract.)

We have found a most delightful chauffeur, a Frenchman named Achille

"So indeed I think," Sir William said. "But Margaret, my Lady—"

"Leave her to me." Isabel smiled her brightest.

"You will not carry her away now? Nay, nay, I cannot—"

"A moment's patience," she said. "I had a second thing to say. I am plagued with a doubt whether Lord Marlowe ever reached the Queen. Not a word have I had from him since he left Swanlea. I find that his men, having left Ruddiford by his orders to follow him north, never found him, but wandered on the moors, were attacked by outlaws,—as I suppose—robbed, killed, scattered. Two of them, by happy chance, met me on my way. Now, Sir William, by your leave, I will stay a while at Ruddiford. We will marry Richard and Margaret, and we will search every hole and corner in this wild country of yours to find my Lord Marlowe. For, though I may be displeased with him, I cannot allow my husband's son, the head of our house, to disappear like an unknown man."

"Surely not," Sir William cried, his pale old cheeks turning red. "This that you tell me is strange, and very terrible. Why, Meg feared as much. Who can have done this? There are wild fellows abroad. But no—he is bad enough, but he would not dare—where are these two men?" He started from his chair and shouted—"Tony, Tony, rascal, where art thou?" while her Ladyship sat still and smiled.

Le Bon, who speaks English perfectly, although with a fascinating accent, and is altogether most friendly and useful. He is continually doing little things for me, and it is nice too to have some one to talk French with. Adrian's conver-

sational French has always been very rusty. You remember how in that little shop at Avignon in 1880 he said "Quel dommage?" for "What is the price?"

II.

Mr. Adrian Armyne to the Conservative Agent at Winchester.

Mr. Adrian Armyne presents his compliments to Mr. Bashford, and greatly regrets what must look very like a slight in his absence from the chair at last night's meeting, but circumstances over which he had no control caused him to miss the way in his motor-car and afterwards to break down at a spot where it was impossible to get any other vehicle. Mr. Armyne cannot too emphatically express his regret at the occurrence, and his hope that trust in his good faith as a worker in the cause of Fiscal Reform may not be permanently shattered.

III.

Sir Vernon Boyce to Mr. Armyne.

Dear Armyne,—I think you ought to know that I came across your Frenchman with a gun in the Lower Spinney this morning, evidently intending to get what he could. He explained to me that he distinctly understood you to say that he was at liberty to shoot there. How such a misunderstanding can have arisen I cannot guess, but he is now clearly informed as to divisions of land and other matters which apparently are different in France. It is all right, but I think you ought to keep an eye on him.

Yours sincerely,
Vernon Boyce.

IV.

Mrs. Armyne to her sister.
(Extract.)

Achille is certainly very useful, although his mercurial French nature makes him a little too careless about

time, and once or twice he has been nowhere to be found at important junctures. For instance, we completely missed Lord Lancaster's wedding the other day. Not that that mattered very much, especially as we had sent a silver inkstand, but Achille is rather annoyed. Achille plays the mandoline charmingly (we hear him at night in the servants' hall), and he has been teaching me *repoussé* work.

V.

Mrs. Armyne to Mrs. Jack Lyon.

Dear Mrs. Lyon,—My husband and myself are deeply distressed to have put out your table last evening, but it was one of those accidents that occur now and then, and which there is no foreseeing or remedying. The fact is that we were all ready to go and had ordered the car, when it transpired that Achille, our chauffeur, had been called to London by telegram, and had left in so great a hurry that he had no time to warn us. By the time we could have sent to the village and got a carriage your dinner would have been over, and so we decided not to go at all. Achille has not yet returned, which makes us fear that the poor fellow, who has relatives in Soho, may have found real trouble.

Yours sincerely,
Emily Armyne.

VI.

Mr. Armyne to Achille Le Bon.

Dear Achille,—I am very sorry to have to tell you that it has been made necessary for us to ask you to go. This is not on account of any dissatisfaction that we have with you, but merely that Mrs. Armyne has heard of the son of an old housekeeper of her father's who wishes for a post as chauffeur, and she feels it only right that he should be given a trial. You will, I am sure, see how the case stands. Perhaps we had better say that a month's notice begins from to-

day, but you may leave as much earlier as you like. I shall, of course, be only too pleased to do all I can to find you another situation. I should have told you this in person, but had to go to town, and now write because I think it would be wrong not to let you have as early an intimation of Mrs. Armyne's decision as possible. I am,

Yours faithfully,
Adrian Armyne.

VII.

Mr. Armyne to Achille Le Bon.
(By hand.)

Dear Achille,—I am afraid that a letter which was posted to you from London when I was last there, a month ago, cannot have reached you. Letters are sometimes lost, and this must be one of them. In it I had to inform you that Mrs. Armyne, having made arrangements for an English chauffeur who has claims on her consideration (being the son of an old housekeeper of her father's, who was in his service for many years, and quite one of the family), it was made necessary for us, much against our will, for we esteem you very highly, to ask you to go. As that letter miscarried I must now repeat the month's notice that I then was forced to give, and the permission for you to leave at any time within the month if you like. I am, yours faithfully,

Adrian Armyne.

VIII.

Mr. Armyne to his nephew Sidney Burnet. (Extract.)

There seems to be nothing for it but to sell our car. This is a great blow to us, but we cannot go on as we are, apparently owning a car but in reality being owned by a chauffeur.

IX.

Sidney Burnet to Mr. Armyne.

Dear Uncle,—Don't sell the car. The thing to do is to pretend to sell it, get

rid of your Napoleon, and then have it back. Why not say I have bought it? I will come over one day soon and drive it home. Say Thursday morning.

Your affectionate nephew, Sidney.

X.

Mr. Armyne to Mr. Sidney Burnet.

My dear Sidney,—Your plan seems to me to be ingenious, but your aunt is opposed to it. She says that Achille might find it out. Suppose, for example, he came back for something he had forgotten and saw the car in the coach-house again! What should we do? Another objection is that poor Job is ill, and Achille remarked to me the other day that before he took to engineering he was a gardener. From what I know of him this means that, unless Job gets better, Achille—if your plan is carried through—will ask to be retained in Job's place, and this will mean that we shall never see asparagus or strawberries again. Don't you think that we might go to town, and you could ride over to "Highcroft" and give Achille notice yourself for me? We will go to town to-morrow, and you might see Achille on Monday.

Your affectionate uncle.

XI.

Sidney Burnet to Mr. Armyne.

Dear Uncle,—I went over and sacked Achille to-day as arranged, but he replied that he could take notice only from you; and that from what Aunt Emily had said to him just before you went away he is sure there has been some mistake. As to notice from you I'm afraid the beggar's right. He seems to have taken advantage of your absence to build a really rather clever pergola leading from Aunt Emily's sitting-room to the rose walk, as a surprise for Mrs. Armyne, he said. He has also re-painted all your bookshelves and mended that pair of library steps. With the disparte of this bulletin I

retire from the position of discharger of Frenchmen.

Your affectionate nephew,
Sidney.

XII.

Mrs. Jack Lyon to a friend a few months later.

(Extract.)

You remember the Armys? In despair at ever getting rid of their chauffeur,

Punch.

feur, who certainly led them a fearful dance, although he was rather a dear creature, the poor things let their house for a year and decided to travel. I have just heard from Bella, from Florence, that she met them toiling up the hill to Flesole the other day, and behind them, carrying Mrs. Armys's easel, was—who do you think? The chauffeur!

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS.

It would have taxed the gloomy power of Tacitus, that supreme master of the condensed eloquence for which scarcely any language but the Roman is an adequate vehicle, to describe accurately the present condition of the Russian Empire. Far away on the Eastern frontier the greatest army that Russia has ever sent beyond its historic boundaries is fighting for its life against a superior foe, and hardly hopes for the victory which alone can preserve it from destruction. If the railway which supplies it is completely broken at any point of its six thousand miles of length, Kuropatkin is as certainly lost as ever Varus was; and on that railway behind him gather not only hosts of "brigands," descendants most of them, it is said, of soldiers of Jenghis Khan's vast army, who took the northerly direction and settled on their conquests, but of raiders from the Japanese army who have slowly forced their way behind their enemy's left. To-morrow, next week, or in the coming spring the Augustus of the Northern world may be moaning—"Varus, give me back my legions!" The Fleet, if it cannot be said to have been destroyed, has been paralyzed for effective action. The Reserves, dismayed or irritated by a year of continuous and unexpected defeat, are resisting the summons to the front; while the peasants and artisans

behind them, all, in fact, except the best-trained legionaries, are crying "Stop the war!" All over the vast extent of the Czar's dominion, from Warsaw, from Moscow, from Kieff, from Odessa, even from Irkutsk, come tidings of a movement, half economic, half political, accompanied by risings which can only be put down by sanguinary repression, and which, whether economic or political, are all directed, openly directed, against the "Principate," the autocracy as we now call it. There are provinces in Russia where industry is profitless because of strikes, most of them produced by actual want among the unskilled, and provinces where the landlords are crowding into the cities because they fear a *jacquerie* of their tenants. There is talk of discontent even in the Army, discontent which, if Kuropatkin is crushed or driven out of Manchuria, may become mutinous or explosive. And now in the midst of it all the old disease of Russia, call it Nihilism, or revolutionary furor, or what you will, the old impulse which kills moral restraint and invents for itself the excuse that when tyranny is irresistible assassination is war, is rearing its head once again, and secret societies threaten the extinction of the Romanoffs. They have struck, too, successfully at the Grand Duke who after the Czar was the most

prominent member of the house, a man who, whatever else he may have been—his wife's devotion throws at least strong doubt on some of the charges brought against his personal character—was a fanatic for orthodoxy and absolutism, and as such was regarded by his kinsman and Sovereign as the most trustworthy of friends. He was regarded by all Russians as the closest adviser of the Czar, and he was *therefore* murdered in circumstances the full weight of which seems even yet not to be discerned abroad. Any Revolutionary Committee can order an assassination, and escape is nearly hopeless if the assassin will give his life for that of his victim; but this Revolutionary Committee must have agents even in palaces, or how did its instrument know that Sergius Alexandrovitch, who took every precaution he or the police could devise, would be passing the precise spot at the precise time when his carriage, always driven at speed, could be checked, and the grenade thrown with a certainty of fatal effect? The Czar is censured by opinion for placing his palace of Tsarskoë Selo and its environs under martial law; but with this evidence of the network of treachery amidst which all of his house must be living the order may be only a wise precaution, adopted for the sake of his family rather than for that of his own person. The order may prove futile, but it adds fresh energy to the watchfulness of the guards, and at least warns "the enemy" that its foes are awake and well prepared. With his fleet destroyed, his armies threatened with destruction, his people, if not hostile, at least sullen, the very women of his family menaced with death, and hidden treason with murder for its object lurking in his palaces, the position of the Czar is worse than that of the Julian Emperors, for they, at least, could fly or perish sword in hand. Nicholas II., to

judge from the evidence afforded by his uncle's murder, would be no safer in Livadia than in St. Petersburg, and no personal courage or skill in arms avails against a hand-grenade.

We regret deeply the almost universal tolerance with which this crime has been regarded all over Europe, including Russia herself. We detest the methods of the Russian autocracy, which seem to us to imply a refusal of justice and intellectual life to a great and patient people. The conduct of the Grand Duke Sergius towards the Jews and the workmen under his authority in Moscow would at any time have justified armed insurrection; but even when slaves have risen against their masters, we can have no sympathy with insurgents who order hostile officers to be picked off, or arrest the career of a dreaded general by the bullet or the knife as he makes his rounds. Let the Liberals of Russia play fair even if their lives are staked on the game they are playing. Christianity is hypocrisy if assassination is declared excusable by provocation, or by the intensity of the just hate which a man has developed in a multitude of enemies; and besides that supreme argument, there is another, which even Revolutionary Committees ought to respect. What good do they accomplish by murder? Plehve dies, and Trepoff succeeds him; and how much has been gained for the cause of liberty? A vengeance partly personal, as any one may see who reads the absorbing account of his motives written by Plehve's murderer, and published in this country in the *Manchester Guardian* of February 18th, has been satisfied; and of what good is that either to the deeply wronged assassin or to his country? As a rule, the only effect of assassination is to justify repression to the consciences of those who carry it out, and to make them stronger by calling up the "clean pride"

that will not yield to terror to support the "mucky pride" which will not yield up power. Even if the Czar were himself killed, all his rights would, in the opinion of those who uphold the autocracy—that is, in the opinion of the whole Army and of a majority of the peasantry—pass to his child, for whom some Regent would fight by the use of the same weapons as those now employed, with this additional energy imparted to them, that they would be used on behalf of the innocent, on whose future millions would rely with hope. There are Russians, we believe, who declare that their only trust is in a change of dynasty; but even they cannot hope to secure that result by successive hand-grenades. It is insurrection they must rely on, or military revolt—that most dangerous and detestable of political weapons—or passive resistance to general taxation, the refusal of supplies by a vote of the unorganized people, which so far as we know no revolutionary party, however just its cause, has ever yet secured. Of those three chances, which one is brought even a little nearer by a policy of murder, that at the most for some sixty individuals brings the thought of death a little closer to their fears? Every Grand Duke and Duchess has, like every other human being, already been sentenced to capital punishment by the will of Almighty God. The revolutionists may say that they hope to terrorize their rulers into better behavior; but has that ever in history been accomplished? Yes, it has been once; and in that one instance is the condemnation, written as it were by the finger of Providence, of their entire argument and policy. Orsini's bomb freed Italy *because it failed*. Had it succeeded, Italy might still be languish-

ing under the tyranny of its petty despots.

We have mentioned the gloomy conditions which at this moment surround the Russian throne, but have as yet omitted the gloomiest of them all. The man who, in circumstances almost unparalleled in history—for Philip II. of Spain lived safe in the Escorial—struggles to uphold that awful sceptre, and even to carry it upwards over one more hill, is unequal to its weight. He wishes no harm to his people, probably knows of no harm happening to them, for the truth of things is carefully kept from his ears, and he does not even know, as he himself is said to have confessed, why his terrible uncle was made away with. He is miserable, yet he might in a day be a happy man if he would only content himself with a position, say, like that of his cousin the German Emperor,—master, that is, of a dominion in which he is practically absolute, but can act only through law, and occasionally with the consent of representatives whose preoccupation is not to differ with him too seriously. He could secure that position to-morrow by a decree of twenty lines, for once it were in print, and known to be signed by him, resistance would be as impossible as was resistance to the decree of Emancipation, and the Emperor might next day wander at will along the quays of the Neva as safe as if he were walking on the Thames Embankment. We believe that he would be only too rejoiced to do this, and now and then resolves on doing it; but the resolute will of his house has not been given to him, his burden is too great for his strength, and in Russia in the hour of her agony—and of his—"all things drift."

THE APPROACHING TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 30

There are many special features about the total solar eclipse of August of the present year. In the first place, perhaps the chief of these is that it will occur about the time when the solar atmosphere is greatly disturbed, or in other words, at a time when the number of sun-spots is about a maximum. Second, the localities from which it may be observed are well distributed over land surfaces, and some are easily accessible from the British Isles. Thirdly, observers will have to wait many years before another favorable eclipse occurs. That in 1907 will be visible in Central Asia, but its occurrence in January will deter many from seeing it. The two eclipses in 1908 will be visible only from the Pacific and South Atlantic. The eclipse of 1909 will occur in June in Greenland, while that in 1910 will be visible only from the Antarctic regions. In 1911 only a short portion of the end of the eclipse track will pass through a part of South Australia. It is therefore the eclipse of 1912, that will take place in April in Spain, which will be the next easily accessible one to observe; but as totality will only last 60 seconds, its duration will be brief compared with that of this year, which will last for more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

Further, the fact that the approaching eclipse occurs in a month, such as August, when a great number of people are taking their summer holiday, and therefore can more easily leave these shores, should ensure the presence of many volunteer observers at the more easily reached stations. In the present instance the zone of totality commences in Canada towards the south of Lake Winnipeg, skirts the extreme south of Hudson's Bay, passes a little to the north of Nova Scotia, and then crosses the Atlantic. In Europe

it strikes Spain on its north-west coast line, and leaves the eastern coast, enveloping the islands of Majorca and Iviza. Reaching Africa in the neighborhood of eastern Algeria, it passes through Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and the Red Sea, and finally terminates in Arabia.

In Spain an opportunity is afforded of making observations at some stations of high altitude, for the eclipse track includes several lofty mountains. For instance, Penas de Europa, southwest of Santander, and 8000 feet high, is one of numerous possible observing peaks, and advantage should be taken of this or some other elevated region.

It will thus be seen that there is plenty of scope for observers to scatter themselves along the line of totality, and this should be done as much as possible. The low altitude of the sun during totality at Labrador (27°) and Egypt (24°) renders both these regions somewhat unfavorable for the best observations, but there parties should at any rate be present. The former region can undoubtedly be left to Canadian and American observers, for it does not seem necessary that European observers should journey so far when more favorable stations are nearer at hand. The close proximity of Egypt to many European countries renders this part of the zone of totality easily accessible. Here the central line of totality passes just a little north of Assuan, the outer limits enclosing Edfu on the north and Darmut on the south.

The probable weather conditions at the different stations form an important item in eclipse matters, for clouds can easily mar the work of even the best organized expedition. Omitting Labrador, a station that will not be occupied by observers from this coun-

try, the north-western portion of Spain does not seem to be particularly favored with the required weather conditions. According to Señor F. Iñiguez, the director of the Astronomical and Meteorological Observatory of Madrid, this locality during August is not only cloudy and damp, but storms are of frequent occurrence. Such a report, however, should not prevent one party at least from taking up a position there, but it should suggest to many who had up to the present made up their minds to observe in that locality to seek stations further along the line, and not congregate at a very probably unfavorable station such as this appears to be. At stations towards the east the conditions seem to be more suitable the closer the Mediterranean side is approached, and, according to the authority mentioned above, the probability of fine weather on this coast is very high. Inland stations will probably have the disadvantages of dust and heat combined.

Perhaps one advantage of the north-west over the east coast is that the former will be very much the cooler, but in eclipse matters sky conditions precede temperature considerations.

With regard to such matters as suitable sites for instruments, their safety, guards for camps, building materials, &c., the Spanish Government can be depended upon to render every assistance to those who apply through the proper channels, and the valuable aid they gave to parties during the eclipse of 1900 is still in the memory of many observers.

Those who wish to know something about the routes to Spain, the methods of travel and approximate cost, will find some interesting and useful information in an article recently written by Mr. G. F. Chambers, and published in the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association* (vol. xv., No. 2, p. 93).

Another source of information specially

useful to those visiting Spain is a publication just received from the Astronomical Observatory of Madrid, entitled "Memoria sobre el Eclipse Total de Sol del dia 30 de Agosto de 1903." This has been prepared by the director, Señor Francisco Iñiguez, and contains details about climate and many useful maps, in addition to data about the eclipse itself.

The weather conditions for the stations situated in Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli seem to be very favorable, and should be made the most of. For Algeria, and more especially for the neighborhood of Philippeville, we have some useful facts which have been communicated through M. Mascart by M. A. Angot, of the Bureau Central Météorologique, Paris. Dealing first with cloud and rain, we learn that during the months of July and August Philippeville is the clearest and driest of all the coast stations in Algeria, the mean rainfall for these months amounting to 4 and 10 millimetres respectively out of a total of 807 millimetres for the whole year. The average number of rainy days for each month totals two or three. Storms are rare, but increase towards the interior. If we represent clear sky by 0 and sky covered by 10, then 2 or 3 would represent the condition of cloudiness at Philippeville.

As regards temperature, the diurnal variation has an amplitude of 9° C. or 10° C., the mean temperature being 24° C. (75° F.). By night the temperature would thus be about 18° C. or 19° C. (64° F. or 66° F.), and at two hours after noon the maximum day temperature would reach 29° C. or 30° C. (84° F. or 86° F.). For stations situated some tens of miles inland there is a very rapid increase of day temperature.

The prevailing winds in August vary from N.E. to N.W., i.e. are sea winds; they are not strong, and are not much augmented by the sea breeze.

In Egypt the prospect of fine weather

in August is also very great, so that observers who go to that region need not be very anxious, at any rate about clouds.

One of the novelties that will be attempted during this eclipse will be the photography of the eclipsed sun by means of the three-color process. The camera that will be employed will probably be one having three lenses, so that the exposures through the three colored screens can be made simultaneously, the correct ratio of the exposures being obtained by adjusting the apertures of the lenses.

Nature.

When it is considered that in addition to the British parties there will most probably be expeditions from several other countries, such as Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Egypt, &c., and probably one or two United States expeditions, there is a great opportunity not only for occupying a large number of different stations along the line, but of gaining a quantity of valuable material to enlarge our knowledge of solar physics.

William J. S. Lockyer.

THE STATUS OF GHOSTS.

Formerly ghosts were accepted at what may be called their face-value. They appeared at the "occult" hour of midnight, and disappeared at what is to many living persons still the dreadful crowing of the cock in the morning. Another occult phenomenon, for nobody can explain it. In those simple days ghosts were not inexplicable because no one imagined there was anything to explain. After a time, when everybody who was anybody had ceased to believe in them, it began to be a felt want to explain and account for them. Hence the founding of that very interesting, peculiar, and admirable organization, the Society for Psychical Research. It is a ghost-lore society, if we use the term ghost as taken to include all the group of congruous mysteries which cluster round the idea of the ghost and have the distinction of being classed together by the orthodox scientific man as not science. Sir Oliver Lodge has described the members of the society, of which he himself is one of the most distinguished, as being regarded with contempt mixed

with surprise. But that is perhaps rather true of the past than the present; and a change in opinion was in fact noticed by Professor Richet, the new president of the society, in his inaugural address¹ the other evening. Many of us who are not members of the society represent, as does the society itself, a middle term between the hostility of the man of physical science and the unintellectual indifference of the practical materialist, the uncultured man, who prides himself on his common sense because he sees no difficulties and therefore needs no explanations. We do not want everything ignored which has not something to do with radium, or electric lighting, or appendicitis, or the consumption bacillus. We have heard of such phenomena as rappings on tables without physical contact, of levitations, of inexplicable premonitions and lucidities of the mind which plainly appear out of the normal, of apparitions, the more knowing term for ghosts, of spirit photographs, of apports—of which it may be desirable to state that matter appears to pass

¹ "Presidential Address" by Professor Charles Richet, Professor of Physiology of the Paris

Faculty of Medicine, to the members and associates of the Society for Psychical Research.

through matter, a possibility that radium suggests—of planchette, of hypnotism, of Mrs. Piper, and of many other abnormal persons and things quite as curious. If these things are facts they are interesting, they may be important, and if they are not, they are at any rate very puzzling; and we should be glad to know "how it is done." Why should not a number of English people who can listen to an address in French for an hour and a half without apparent weariness, employ some of their remarkable patience in elucidating these mysteries? They have done so, as is well known; and what was to be expected has happened. They have arrived at the conclusion which we others of the middle term have arrived at without corporate action. First of all they are not very certain about the alleged facts. From the days of Simon Magus downwards, and before, the magician has hardly ever known himself how far he was the possessor of an unexplained extraordinary power, and how far he deceived himself and others. Much less have other people been able to demarcate the two provinces. Nor has the Psychical Society. You may explode some ghost stories, but you cannot, with every exercise of ingenuity, explode them all. You may explode impostors and yet be conscious that you have not got to the heart of the mystery they have been exploiting. You end rather by disbelieving in the magician than in the magic. When our ancestors ceased burning witches it was not because they ceased to believe in witchcraft, the witch of Endor was too much for them, but because they got rather ashamed of burning the wrong persons.

In such matters as the seeing of ghosts, the fulfilment of dreams, or premonitions of death, or in cases of clairvoyance, more delicacy of treatment is required than in such a pro-

cess for example as unmasking fraud or deception in a court of law. There is that unconscious knowledge and memory of facts which is never effaced from the organism, though we may think we have never known or have completely forgotten them. This unrevealed personality lying beneath the strata of race and individual experience, the hidden basis of our daily and superficial activities, may with our complete unconsciousness occasion self-deception and lead us to deceive others without intention. This is a notion which has been arrived at in the ordinary course of physiological and psychological inquiries of recent years; and it is a weapon with which the psychical inquirer arms himself. And what is the conclusion of these long-continued and patient inquiries in England, France, and elsewhere made by those who have investigated the whole body of so-called psychical manifestations? Assuming that they must be the effects of causes which are not those of any known physical forces, how far have they been proved to be actual occurrences in the opinion of those who have applied whatever tests of possible experiment or inquiry a philosophical or scientific scepticism might suggest? In Dr. Richet's opinion there are indeed but few of what he prefers to call metapsychical phenomena on which all doubt has been triumphantly dissipated, and there are perhaps but two or three elementary ones which can claim to be definitely established; as, for example, raps without contact, or veridical hallucinations. Thus the status of the ghost and his entourage is very ill defined and can scarcely be considered as free from doubt.

But turning from the question of fact, of the amount of evidence there is of psychical happenings, and admitting there is some, what is the theory or explanation of them? What are the unknown forces presumed to act upon

matter and human intelligence? There is spiritism, or spiritualism, as it is mostly but unsuitably called, which has become a religious cult in the hands of those who believe that the causes are to be found in the actions of spirits extra-human or of the dead. So many emotions and human cravings for communion with the departed, for corroboration of the belief in human survival after death, cluster round this explanation that it is bound to be regarded at least with suspicion. The only experimental proof must be something that comes through the senses. The spirit must be made visible or handled or undoubtedly heard, not merely inferred, before spiritism can be admitted to be a valid theory. In the opinion of those of whom Dr. Richet is representative these conditions have not been fulfilled; and spiritism is a faith, not a science; a faith whose substance is things hoped for, and whose evidence is things not seen. An interesting test case has lately been put and an account of it given in a recent number of the *Journal of the Psychical Society*. The late Frederick Myers arranged with Sir Oliver Lodge that if possible he should communicate after death in some manner with a living person, and convey certain information as to the contents of an envelope which had been entrusted to Sir Oliver Lodge and deposited by him in secure custody. A lady professed that she was in communication with the spirit of Myers through automatic writing, and that she had received information as to the contents of the envelope. With all due precautions and formalities the envelope was opened; but the lady was found to have added only one more instance to the list of

persons who have been self-deceived in these matters. The experiment neither proved nor disproved anything but this; and otherwise the result is negative. Again there is the supposition or guess, for it cannot be tested by experiment, that the explanation is to be found in the human organism itself. It has the power, it is said, of acting at a distance without contact, of discharging an effluvium or double, and of impressing others through sight or sound; when we have apparitions, premonitions of deaths and the like, of which there are many accounts. As facts such occurrences are admitted by those who do not accept the theory or guess; and yet it seems very unconvincing that they should say, as they do, that pure chance or coincidence may explain these things; and that the fact is a mere subjective phenomenon in the recipient of the experiences. There is no need moreover to drag in the "long arm of coincidence" by way of objection to an explanation for which there is nothing in the shape of proof. What remains for the prudent investigator in the shape of theory? Nothing but a theory of absolute nescience for the present, mitigated by the hope that when new facts have been discovered some theory will emerge which will knit together the inexplicable phenomena, as has happened in the history of all knowledge that can now claim to be regarded as science. Yet it is remarkable and laudable that in these materialist days there should be people who have faith in the possibilities of a science at present so surrounded with uncertainties, while its discoveries in any case would have no pecuniary value.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The continuing popularity of Dickens is attested by the fact that more than 200,000 copies of his various books were sold in England during the month of December.

Lady Margaret Sackville has almost ready for the press a second volume of verse. It will be published under the title of "A Hymn to Dionysus, and other Poems," by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

The *Athenaeum*, remarking upon the death of General Lewis Wallace, characterizes "The Fair God" as the best of the general's stories, despite the enormous circulation achieved by "Ben Hur."

Aubrey de Vere used to say that he could easily be well off,—he had only to stop publishing. But the Irish poet of Westminster, to whom he bequeathed his volumes of verse, have already benefited by the bequest in a substantial sum.

In "A New Paolo and Francesca," Annie E. Holdsworth portrays the conflicting loves of two brothers in a style too melodramatic and morbid to meet the best standards of either art or morals. But the story shows a strain of unquestioned talent, and one chapter in particular—that describing the burial service of Lady Elizabeth—has haunting qualities. John Lane.

Mr. John Murray will publish a little posthumous work by Lady Dilke which she called "the Book of Praise," and with it in the same volume two of her fanciful tales, "The Last Hour" and "The Mirror of the Soul." These latter were ready for an intended volume of stories, and bear on the same subjects as "The Book of Praise." A memoir

will be prefixed by Sir Charles Dilke, relating chiefly to the life and letters between 1858 and 1884 inclusive.

In "Farmington," Clarence S. Darrow gathers together recollections of his childhood in a Pennsylvania valley, describing his experiences at home, in school, on the play-ground, and among the quaint characters of the village, and commenting on them with a blending of humor and pathos which would be more attractive to the average reader if it were not so strongly seasoned with cynicism. The portrait of his father is drawn more sympathetically than any of the others and it is by far the most successful. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Librairie Ollendorff has begun the issue of a new edition of the complete works of Victor Hugo, in forty volumes, of which four will comprise unpublished materials. This edition promises to be the final one, so far as such things can be final. It is being printed at the Imprimerie Nationale. The first volume in the series is "Notre Dame de Paris." Attention may be here called to the success which has attended M. A. Fayard's bold experiment of publishing novels by first-rate authors, illustrated by the best artists, at 95 centimes per volume. The series was started twelve months ago with M. Bourget's "Cruelle Enigme," with seventy-five illustrations by A. Calbet. It was intended to limit it to twelve volumes, but as over one million copies have been sold, the publisher has decided to continue it, and some hitherto unpublished works will be included. The books are beautifully printed on fine paper, and altogether marvels of cheapness.

ECHOES OF JOY.

Only a song of joy
Wind-blown over the heather:
Somewhere two little hearts
Thrill and throb together.

Ah, far mid the nethermost spheres
Life and Death live together;
And deep is their love, without tears,
For they laugh at the shadows of
years—

And yet, there rings in my ears
Only a song of joy
Wind-blown over the heather!

William Sharp.

Pall Mall Magazine.

THE HILLS OF DREAM.

The hills of dream behind us lie,
Above us in a placid sky
The stars, unchanged, look down on us
As when with pulses tremulous
We breathed to them our hopes and
fears

In the dear, dead, tremendous years
When life was all a rainbow mist,
A dawn that showed enchanted skies
Of amber and of amethyst,
When giants walked the world, and
when

Daughters of gods might smile on men,
Revealing sudden Paradise.
No rainbow now across our path
Shines promise-laden; cold and gray
Sank in the West the sullen day;
The pale moon quits her couch of
cloud—

Amber nor amethyst she hath—
Cold, white and dead, condemned to
glide

For ever through the fields of night,
For ever flaunt her silver shroud
Through the waste places of delight
Where, in the ages ere she died,
She bore her beauty and her pride.
Too soon the giants of the dawn
Shrank as our shadows shrink at noon;
Fair daughters of the gods, too soon
Back to your native skies withdrawn,
With you the unheard melodies,
The unseen that almost could be seen,
Sweet voices, half articulate,
Strange sails upon enchanted seas.

And all fair things that might have
been

Drew back within the ivory gate.
Alas! we can but smile and sigh—
The hills of dream behind us lie.

D. J. Robertson.

Longman's Magazine.

HOME FROM BATTLE.

Here at the good king's tent stand I—
All the night is in the sky.
To-morrow, I trow, in battle I die.
There as I wait, stark, cold, and dumb,
Shall Brian and Denis and Roland
come;

And find me, and lift me, and carry
me home.

Three days will the journey be
These dear comrades must carry me—
I shall be home at the end of the three.
At sundown, marching the first long
day,

Shall they desire to make their stay
In a strong house beside the way;
But the lord of that house shall ask and
know,

I, the dead man, am his mortal foe—
And he shall drive us from him so.
And the second day, by moonlight
clear,

To a castle once more shall we draw
near;
And men will ask: "Whom have ye
here?"

There she, who is queen of all the
land—

My lady will by me stand;—
Will lift above me her tender hand!
When, with sad voice, they answer
make,

Pale for pity will be her cheek;—
But she will not know whose name
they speak.

Then with the dawn we forth shall
fare;

And when the high stars shining are,
Me through my father's gates shall
they bear.

By the pit side shall crouch my hound
As they lay me in the ground—
There I think to sleep full sound!

Florence Hayllar.

